The Wellsboro Gazette.

State Library 4July91

VOL. XVII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1891. NO. 23.

Wellsboro Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT

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GEO. W. NAVEL,

HARNESS MAKER, Crafton Street, between Main and Pearl, Wellsboro, Pa. Light and Heavy, Double and Single Harnesses made to order on short notice. The largest stock of Horse Furnishing Goods in Tioga county.—Mar. 6, 1888.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY. Established 1877. Leading English and American companies represented. Special features affording insurance on farm property. Office on second floor in Wright's Block, next to Gazette office, Main street, Wellsboro, Pa.—Nov. 23, 1885-1y.

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FALL BROOK COAL CO'S RAILWAYS.

Took effect November 30, 1890.

Syracuse, Corning & Corning Division.

Going North (Read up.) 6	4	2	STATIONS.	1	3	5
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8 15	2 75	9 00	Lyons	7 25	10 05	6 25
7 49	1 45	8 35	Clyde	7 50	12 30	7 05
7 29	1 25	8 15	Dresden	8 40	1 15	7 45
6 59	12 55	7 45	Himrods	9 10	1 50	7 50
6 45	12 45	7 27	Dundee	9 09	2 15	8 02
6 30	12 30	7 15	Watkins Glen	9 20	2 45	8 15
6 03	11 56	6 57	Beaver Dams	9 51	3 17	8 45
5 55	11 30	6 30	Dp. Corning Ar.	10 20	4 00	9 15

Corning, Cowanesque & Antrim Div.

6	10	8	STATIONS.	1	3	7
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
2 50	.....	.....	Dp. Antrim Ar.	1 00	.....	.....
3 10	.....	.....	*Summit	12 42	.....	.....
3 26	.....	.....	*Round Top	12 26	.....	.....
3 35	11 15	7 05	WELLSBORO	12 35	6 40	7 20
3 57	11 52	7 10	Stokesdale	12 08	6 02	7 12
4 05	12 00	7 15	Stokesdale Junc.	12 05	6 00	7 10
4 11	12 27	7 23	Niles Valley	11 42	5 17	7 03
4 14	12 30	7 23	Middlebury	11 45	5 43	7 00
4 18	12 35	7 27	Holiday	11 40	5 38	6 56
4 25	12 42	7 33	*Hammond	11 32	5 32	6 48
4 33	12 53	7 45	Tioga	11 25	5 20	6 38
4 43	1 02	7 55	Lathrop	11 16	5 10	6 28
4 55	1 12	8 05	Lawrenceville	11 06	4 55	6 15
5 02	1 18	8 11	Lindley	11 00	4 49	6 10
5 10	1 27	8 20	Presho	10 53	4 38	6 05
5 30	1 50	8 40	Ar. Corning. Dp.	10 35	4 15	5 45

Pine Creek Division.

	10	6	STATIONS.	1	3	.....
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
12 15	4 15	WELLSBORO		11 45	5 35	.....
12 08	4 07	Stokesdale		11 38	5 46	.....
12 00	4 00	Stokesdale Jun.		12 05	6 00	.....
11 51	3 51	*Marsh Creek		12 17	6 14	.....
11 37	3 37	Ansonia		12 32	6 29	.....
11 16	3 35	*Four Mile Run		12 22	6 30	.....
11 00	3 27	*Gladfelter Run		12 08	6 20	.....
10 50	3 10	Blackwell's		1 15	7 15	.....
10 13	2 59	Cedar Run		1 28	7 30	.....
9 55	2 15	Waterville		2 05	8 15	.....
9 00	1 45	Jersey Shore		2 45	9 00	.....
7 35	1 15	Newberry Junc.		3 15	9 55	.....
7 25	1 05	Williamsport		3 25	9 45	.....
A.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.	.....

Cowanesque Branch.

24	6	8	STATIONS.	1	7	23
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
6 00	5 20	8 40	Ar. Corning Dp.	10 35	5 45	6 20
4 52	4 10	7 55	Lawrenceville	11 15	6 25	8 05
4 38	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 30	6 43	8 23
4 10	4 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11 50	7 01	8 52

PURIFY THE BLOOD

The mortality in large cities is due to the fact that bad food, foul air and bad habits have made the blood a foul and putrid stream, which, instead of giving life to the tissues of the body, supplies with life-sustaining elements and carries away the dead matter. In fact it is the most important part of the system.

Indeed it is so much diseased that the tissues, once so nourished, become tainted, while the blood is pure and life giving.

WITH

Brown's Sarsaparilla purifies and enriches the blood and invigorates the entire system.

Cross Creek, Washington Co., Pa.

Alfred C. Stephenson, writes, "I think Brown's Sarsaparilla can not be equalled as a blood purifier."

Anna M. Cross of Stoneboro, Mercer Co., Pa., says, "I have taken Brown's Sarsaparilla, and find it a great blood purifier."

Brown's Sarsaparilla.

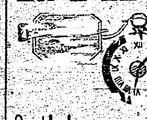
At all Druggists $1.00. 6 bottles for 5.00

DON'T take Something else "just as good."

IT IS NOT.

ADA WARNER & CO., Sole Proprietors, Rangor, Me.

R. PAGAN,



Optician and Jeweler,

WELLSBORO, PA.

Having made the treatment of the eye a study, I am prepared to fit the eyes of those afflicted with defective vision in the best and most skillful manner. I use the best lenses and glasses that can be procured. A perfect fit guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY.

A large and elegant line of Solid and Silver-plated Ware. All the newest designs in Jewelry. Rings etc. R. PAGAN.

Wellsboro, March 21, 1889.

HUGH YOUNG, *Pres't.* W. D. VAN HORN, *Cashier.*

THE

Wellsborough National Bank

ORGANIZED, OCT. 3, 1888.
URGANIZED, NOV. 10, 1888.

Capital paid in, $50,000
Authorized Capital, $150,000

DIRECTORS.

JEROME B. NILES, JNO. N. BAILEY,
R. N. MCCOY, CHAS. TUBBS,
HENRY COLLOM, D. L. DEWITT,
HUGH YOUNG, W. D. VAN HORN,
E. R. BACKER.

Our facilities for prompt collections are unsurpassed.

The management is liberal and up to the times. No charges are made to customers for collecting checks or for drafts on any point in this county or Europe.

Interest paid on time deposits.

We discount paper at six per cent. only.

We respectfully solicit your business, and if we get it we will do our best to keep it.

Wellsboro, Pa., Oct. 25, 1890.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

First National Bank

OF WELLSBORO, PA.

J. L. ROBINSON, Pres't. J. M. ROBINSON, Cashier.
L. L. BAILEY, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL STOCK, - $100,000
SURPLUS, - - $100,000

This Bank transacts a general banking business; makes collections on all parts of Europe, and gives prompt attention to all business at lowest rates.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Steamship tickets by first-class lines to and from New York.

With a record of twenty-three years of prudent and successful management, marked by a steady growth of both Capital and Patronage this Bank does business on as liberal terms as are consistent with safe banking.

Wellsboro Pa., March 3, 1890.

Patents.

Caveats, Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our office is opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Fall and Winter Goods

F. S. BLACK'S

Merchant Tailor.

GARDNER'S

Insurance Agency

WELLSBORO, PA.

Representing the following Companies:

Imperial of London, Hartford, American Central, Springfield, Citizens, Fidelity and Casualty.

Firms are in Mutual Assessments will be [illegible]

Tioga County Peoples

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

One Price Clothing House,

First-Class Tailoring Department

COLES HOTEL

Bath Room and Barber Shop

NEW WAGON SHOP

Addison & Pennsylvania Division.

[illegible]

FRANK H. BAKER, Supt.

Truant Molly.

The winds have lulled the shadows to sleep,
The cows come home long ago;
The things of day strange silence keep
Why does that child linger so?

Shading her eyes from the setting sun
The mother stands by the gate,
Watching long for the truant one,
Oh! where does she stay so late?

Has she wandered down, where the swamp flowers blow
Down by the gliding stream?
Hark! was that a faint "Hello?"
No, naught but the reed's weird scream.

Has she slipped on the dank, dark moss
On the cliffs where the tall pines grow,
Fond for the green, slimy waters
Of those treacherous logs below?

Say, hush ye, timorous mother
This maiden is safe and sound!
Not deep, dark waters smother
Her the other, wayward form of round.

She is down at the foot of the meadow,
There at the end of the lane,
She has seen the moonlight
Whether her lover's face back again.

And Jack is beside her,
Down there amid the rye
Two young heads near together
To see that the dairy don't fire.

New Lippincott Magazine.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

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(CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.)

The rapidity of motion which kept them both with heads bent forward, and seemed to force back any utterance that rose to their lips, spared Rose the obligation of conversation, and her companion was equally reticent. But it was evident to her that he half suspected she was running away from the Randolphs, and that she wished to avoid the embarrassment of being overtaken even in persuasive pursuit. It was not possible that he knew the cause of her flight, and yet she could not account for his evident desire to befriend her nor above all for his apparently humorous enjoyment of the situation.

Had he taken it gravely she might have been tempted to partly confide in him and ask his advice. Was she doing right, after all? Ought she not to have stayed long enough to speak her mind to Mrs. Randolph and demand to be sent home? No! She had not only shrunk from repeating the infamous slander she had overheard, but she had a terrible fear that if she had done so Mrs. Randolph was capable of denying it, or even charging her with being still under the influence of the earthquake shock and of walking in her sleep. No! She could not trust her—she could trust no one there. Had not even the major listened to those infamous lies? Had she not seen that he was helpless in the hands of this cabal in his own household a cabal that she herself had thoughtlessly joined against him?

They had reached the first slight ascent. Her companion drew out his watch, looked at it, [illegible] and changed the position of his hands on the reins. Without being able to detect the difference she felt they were slackening speed. She turned inquiringly toward him. He nodded [illegible] with a smile and a gesture to her to look ahead. The spires of San Jose were already faintly uplifting from the distant fringe of oaks.

So near in half an hour she would be there, and then! She remembered suddenly she had not yet determined what to do. Should she go on at once to San Francisco, or telegraph to her father and await him at San Jose. In either case a new fear of the precipitancy of her action and the inadequacy of her reasons had sprung up in her mind. Would her father understand her? Would he understand the cause and be mortified at the insult she had given the family of his old friend, or, more dreadful still, would he exaggerate her wrongs and seek a personal quarrel with the major. He was a man of quick temper and had the western ideas of redress. Perhaps even now she was precipitating a duel between them! Her cheeks grew warm again, her breath came quickly; tears gathered in her eyes. Oh, she was a dreadful girl, she knew it! She was an utterly miserable one, and she knew that too!

The reins were tightened, the pace lessened and at last fell to a walk. Conscious of her telltale eyes and troubled face she dared not turn to her companion to ask him why, but glanced across the fields.

"When you first came I didn't get to know your name, Miss Mallory, but I reckon I know your father."

Her father! What made him say that? She wanted to speak but she felt she could not. In another moment, if he went on, she must do something—she would cry!

"I reckon you'll be wanting to go to the Hotel right away?"

There! he knew it! He would keep on! And now she had burst into tears.

The [illegible] still walking slowly; the [illegible] over the shaft [illegible] suddenly [illegible] ment [illegible] taining [illegible]

his working clothes but his working expression. His [illegible] now superintending the reloading of a wain of stores and implements when the light carryall of the Randolphs rolled into the field. It contained only Mrs. Randolph and the driver. A slight look of intelligence passed between the latter and the nearest one of Dawson's companions, succeeded, however, by a dull look of stupid vacancy on the face of all the others, including Dawson. Mrs. Randolph noticed it and was forewarned. She reflected that no human beings ever looked naturally as stupid as that and were able to work. She smiled sarcastically and then began with dry distinctness and narrowing lips:

"Miss Mallory, a young lady visiting us, went out for an early walk this morning and has not returned. It is possible she may have lost her way among your wheat. Have you seen anything of her?"

Dawson raised his eyes from his work and glanced slowly around at his companions as if taking the heavy scene of the assembly. One or two shook their heads mechanically, and returned to their suspended labor. He said coolly:

"Nobody here seems to."

She felt that they were lying. She was only a woman against five men; she was only a petty domestic tyrant. She might have been a larger one, but she had all the courage of that possibility.

"Maj. Randolph and my son are away," she went on drawing herself erect. "But I know that the major will pay liberally if these men will search the field, besides making it all right with your employers for the loss of time."

Dawson uttered a single word in a low voice to the man nearest him, who apparently communicated it to the others, for the four men stopped unloading and moved away one after the other, even the driver joining in the exodus. Mrs. Randolph smiled sarcastically; it was plain that these people with all their boasted independence were quite amenable to pecuniary considerations. Nevertheless, as Dawson remained looking quietly at her, she said:

"Then I suppose they've concluded to go and see?"

"No, I've sent them away so that they couldn't hear."

"Hear what?"

"What I've got to say to you."

She looked at him suddenly. Then she said with a disdainful glance around her: "I see I am helpless here, and, thanks to your trickery, alone. Have a care, sir. I warn you that you will have to answer to Maj. Randolph for any insolence."

"I reckon you won't tell Maj. Randolph what I have to say to you," he returned coolly.

Her lips were nearly a grayish hue, but she said scornfully: "And why not? Do you know who you are talking to?"

The man came lazily forward to the carryall, carelessly brushed aside the slack reins, and resting his elbows on the horse's back laid his chin on his hands as he looked up in the woman's face.

"Yes, I know who I'm talking to," he said coolly. "But as the major don't, I reckon you won't tell him."

"Stand away from that horse," she said, her whole face taking the grayish color of her lips, but her black eyes growing smaller and brighter. "Hand me those reins and let me pass. What casualty are you to stop me?"

"I thought so," returned the man without altering his position. "You don't know me. You never saw me before. Well, I'm Jim Dawson, the nephew of L'Hommadieu, your old master!"

She gripped the iron rail of the seat as if to leap from it, but checked herself suddenly and leaned back with a set smile on her mouth that seemed stamped there. It was remarkable that with that smile she flung away her old affectation of superciliousness for an older and ruder audacity, and that not only the expression but the type of her face appeared to have changed.

"I don't say," continued the man quietly, "that he didn't marry you before he died. But you know as well as I do that the laws of his state didn't recognize the marriage of a master with his quimon slave. And you know as well as I do that even if he had freed you he couldn't change your blood. Why, if I'd been willing to stay at Avoyelles to be a nigger driver like him the plantation of "De Fontages," whose name you have taken, would have been left to me. If you had staid there you might have been my property instead of your owning a square man like Randolph. You didn't think of that when you came here, did you?" he added composedly.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" she said, dropping rapidly into a different accent, with her white teeth and fixed, mirthless smile, "so it is a claim for property, eh? You're wanting money—you? Tres bien. You forget we are in California, where one does not own a slave. And you have a fine story there, my poor friend. Very pretty, but very hard to prove, m'sieu. And these peasants are in it, eh? Working it on shares like the fa[illegible]

"Well," said Dawson, [illegible] on and pass[illegible]

with the same set smile on her face, the same odd relaxation of figure and the same squaring of her elbows.

Avoiding the main road she pushed into a narrow track that intersected another nearer the scene of the accident to Rose's buggy three weeks before. She had nearly passed it when she was hailed by a strange voice, and looking up perceived a horseman floundering in the mazes of the wheat to one side of the track. Whatever mean thought of her past life she was flying from, whatever mean purpose she was flying to, she pulled up suddenly and as suddenly resumed her erect, aggressive stiffness. The stranger was a middle aged man in dress and appearance a dweller of cities. He lifted his hat as he perceived the occupant of the wagon to be a lady.

"I beg your pardon, but I fear I've lost my way in trying to make a short cut to the Excelsior company ranch."

"You are in it now," said Mrs. Randolph quickly.

"Thank you, but where am I, find the farm house?"

There is none, she returned with her cold superciliousness, unless you choose to give that name to the shanties and sheds where the laborers and servants live, near the road."

The stranger looked puzzled. "I'm looking for a Mr. Dawson," he said reflectively, "but I may have made some mistake. Do you know Maj. Randolph's house hereabouts?"

"I do. I am Mrs. Randolph," she said stiffly.

The stranger's brow cleared and he smiled pleasantly. "Then this is a fortunate meeting," he said, raising his hat again as he reined in his horse beside the wagon, "for I am Mr. Mallory, and I was looking forward to the pleasure of presenting myself to you an hour or two later. The fact is, an old acquaintance, Mr. Dawson, telegraphed me yesterday to meet him here on urgent business and I felt obliged to go there first."

Mrs. Randolph's eyes sparkled with a sudden gratified intelligence, but her manner seemed rather to increase than abate its grim precision.

"Our meeting this morning, Mr. Mallory, is both fortunate and unfortunate, for I regret to say that your daughter, who has not been quite herself since the earthquake, was missing this morning and has not yet been found—though we have searched everywhere. Understand me," she said, as the stranger started, "I have no fear for her personal safety—I am only concerned for any indiscretion that she may commit in the presence of these strangers, whose company she would seem to prefer to ours."

"But I don't understand you, madam," said Mallory slowly. "You are speaking of my daughter and—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Mallory," said Mrs. Randolph, lifting her hand with her dryest deprecation and her most desiccating smile, "I'm not passing judgment or criticism. I am of a foreign race, and consequently do not understand the freedom of American young ladies and their familiarity with the opposite sex. I make no charges; I only wish to assure you that she will no doubt be found in the company and under the protection of her own compatriots. There is," she added, with ironical distinctness, "a young mechanic—or field hand, or quack well doctor, whom she seems to admire, and with whom she appears more or less on equal terms."

Mallory regarded her for a moment fixedly, and then his sternness relaxed to a mischievously complacent smile. "That must be young Bent, of whom I've heard," he said, with unabated cheerfulness. "And I don't know but what she may be with him after all. For, now I think of it, a chuckle headed fellow of whom a moment ago I inquired the way to your house told me I'd better ask the young man and young woman who were philandering through the wheat yonder. Suppose we look for them? From what I've heard of Bent he's too much wrapped up in his inventions for flirtation, but it would be a good joke to stumble upon them."

Mrs. Randolph's eyes sparkled with a mingling of gratified malice and undisguised contempt for the fatuous father beside her. But before she could accept or decline the challenge it had become useless. A murmur of youthful voices struck her ear, and she suddenly stood upright and transfixed in the carriage, for lounging down slowly toward them out of the dim green aisles of the arbored wheat, lost in themselves and the shimmering veil of their seclusion, came the engineer, Thomas Bent, and on his arm, gazing ingenuously into his face, the figure of Adele, her own perfect daughter.

* * * * * *

"I don't think, my dear," said Mr. Mallory, as the anxious Rose flew into his arms on his return to San Jose a few hours later, "that it will be necessary for you to go back again to Maj. Randolph's before we leave. I have said 'good-by' for you and thanked them, and your trunk has been packed and will be sent here. The fact is, my dear, you see this [illegible] earthquake and the [illegible]

CHAPTER VI.

"TIDDLEDYWINKS."

How the Fashionable Game Has Become the Craze—How It Is Played.

Progressive euchre has had its day, but it isn't in it any more. In fact, there is no game now but "tiddledywinks," and I'm getting so that I can play that with my eyes shut."

This was the way a young society man of Brooklyn spoke of the new fad recently.

"It's a great game," he added, "and lots of fun. Everybody is playing it, and a knowledge of the game is almost as essential as knowing how to dance."

The new game of tiddledywinks is an imported one, and its origin is quite English. The American game has been modified somewhat from its English original, and is arranged so that more players can take part.

The name is apparently nonsensical and its origin is said to be explained by dodger. Small wooden chips are jumped by striking them on the edge with a larger one, and the object of the game is to make them fall into a small wine pot set in the center of the table.

Every time a winks when her chip jumps so do the small chips are called "winks." The large chips are jumpers, and this suggests the baby appellation for an altogether different kind of jumper, and so they are called "tiddledys." At least, this is the explanation which a Fifth avenue girl gave her country cousin a few days ago.

The new game is very popular and has become quite a craze.

From two to six persons can play, but the more the better as well as merrier, when arranged as partners.

The wink-pot is placed in the center of the table. It is a small cup, barely two inches in diameter. If a mat or heavy table cloth is used the only other "implements" are the winks, the tiddledys and a number of pasteboard counters. If not, each player is provided with a small pad or mat about three by four inches, from which to jump the winks.

Each player has six winks. The mats are placed an equal distance from the wink-pot. A wink is placed on the mat, and the player holding one of tiddledys hits or presses with its edge upon the wink, causing it to jump. The best result is secured by testing the tiddledy on the wink and drawing it backward. The wink may be made to jump several feet in this way. The science comes in so gauging the pressure that the wink will fall in the pot. If it goes beyond the player must jump it back.

One plays until he fails to put a wink in and then the turn passes. Partners may help each other. The object in the English game is to get all the winks in, the one who is through first tallies one for every wink left on the table when they are through.

It often happens that a wink falls on that of another player. The under one can not be touched, and the owner of the upper one may play all the rest in before trying that and setting the under one free.

In the American game each wink jumped into the pot counts one. At the start a pool is formed, each player antesing seven counters. Each plays his own six winks the first round. After that he plays any wink he chooses, and as long as he can put winks in the pot. If he fails to put a wink in in six trials he forfeits two counters to the pool. If he clears the table he can take out of the pot as many as he can put back.

Four winks in succession form a run, and for every wink in a run over three the player receives an extra counter from the pool. When the winks are all in the player who has made the largest run and the one putting in the largest number of winks divide the pool equally.

Both the English and American games are played so as to give variety, and the game is also made more interesting by varying the distance at which the mats are placed from the wink-pots at the start-out. Sometimes a line ten inches in diameter is drawn around the wink-pot, and winks falling in it have to be left until all others are in. This ring is called the dead line.

The game is quick and lively, requires considerable skill and the score is easily kept. This makes it especially entertaining as a "progressive" game with several tables.

A Big Northwestern Hog Ranch.

At the mouth of Bellingham Bay, eight miles from Whatcom, is Eliza Island, one of the easternmost of the archipelago, extending from Bellingham Bay past Bosario Straits to the Canal De Haro and beyond. It is not a large island, having only 160 acres, but it is undoubtedly the most highly improved farm in the State. About $60,000 have been expended on improvements and stocks, not counting what has grown upon the place.

Originally there were about thirty acres not covered by timber of the character known as tidemarsh land. This was dyked and drained, and adjoining moderate uplands were cleared and grubbed, so that now there are some [illegible] over 100 acres [illegible]

CARL DUNDER'S LUCK.

"Wassy [illegible] Have you been for the last three months?" queried Sergeant Bendall yesterday, as Carl Dunder jolly opened the door of the Woodbridge Street Station about a foot and squeezed through the aperture.

"Oh, I vhas keeping quiet. I like to speak to you a few words to-day."

"All right."

The odder day a man comes py my place and drinks a glass of beer and play me a game of dominoes and loses his money vhas Shon White. Dot makes no dofference to me if he vhas Shcorge Washington. He must pay me shust so quick as I know a him dat.

"Of course."

"Vell, he pays me and comes like a dog for two, and pretty soon he says he was [illegible] under bank und likes me to go und say I vhas Shon White."

"And you went?"

"Vell, I like to oblige."

"And you identified him?"

"Vhell, when I knows he vhas Shon White how could I help it? Dot vhas a bogus check for feefteen dollar, und I bu'to pay it. I doan' see how it vhas."

"Um! Anything more?"

"Somebody doan' play me dot vhay again. My eye teeth vhas cut awful quick. In two days a fellow comes along mit a subscription paper. He says he likes me to put down a dollar for der poor. I ask him his name, und he says it vhas Peter Davis, Sergeant, you should see me knock him oafer der middle of last Shuly."

"Yes, and you'll have to pay for it. He was at the police court this morning to get a warrant for you."

"A warrant for me! But he vhas a schwindler!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't; he was all right."

"Vhell. I might ash vell shomp into der rifer. How vhas I to tell about things? Nothings vhas two times alike."

"Anything else?"

"Vhell, you see, a man comes into my place mit a package und says vhas I Carl Dunder. I vhas. Here vhas some express from Chicago, und he has to collect $2. Vhas dot all right, Sergeant?"

"Looks that way."

"Of course she does. Dot after he goes avhay und I open dat package I find some brickbats in it. He vhas an awful schwindler."

"But you ought to have spotted him."

"Oh, yes! Spots vhas all right! In two days how vhas she? In shust two days vhos you believe?"

"Well?"

"Vhell, some order man's come in mit a package und says vhas my name Carl Dunder. Yes. He has some package for me from Noo York, und I has to pay $1. Sergeant, I shumps on dot man und knocks him so cold dot my own uncle doan know him und he lifes he vhas a young man from Troy."

"Then you spotted him?"

"Spots! Spots! Yes, I see some spots! He belongs by der regular express company, and he vhas going to sue me for fife tousand dollars! Can you see how she vhas? One time it vhas all wrong, und der next time it vhas all right. Nobody vhas two times alike in dis country, and now I bid you good-by."

"Going away?"

"No matter. I vhas sixteen years in dis country und all der time I vhas in some mistakes. I vhas now played out. If you doan' see me no more times remember dot I doan' mean to do it, but der country vhas to blame."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

PULLED DOWN TO DEATH.

All Because He Refused to Pin Up His Long Coat-Tails.

You have perhaps journeyed between New Orleans and Mobile, and remember the vast expanse of marsh with waterways cutting through it. In the midst of this desolation is a club house and a railway station called the English Lookout. It is still good fishing and shooting ground, but the alligator has become so scarce that the sight of one is a novelty. Ten or twelve years ago they crawled across the railroads and passengers had but to look out of the windows to see them swimming.

One day, during my week's stay at the club, several boats were going out, and one of them was occupied by a French army officer, who was also a guest, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*. He had on a frock coat, and when seated in the stern of the skiff the tails almost touched the water.

"Better take off that coat or pin the tails up," said one of the punters, as his attention was directed.

"Why?"

"Because an alligator may pull you overboard."

The Frenchman laughed and shrugged his shoulders and led the way down channel. Four boats of us anchored about 100 feet apart, and the craft I was in was next to the officer's. The fish were biting hot and heavy, and for an hour no one paid any attention to anybody else. I tangled my line in pulling in a fish, and while working at the knots happened to glance toward the Frenchman. Just as I did so I saw the still waters broken and him, caught sight of a black [illegible] thrust above the surface, and instant, uttering a scream which [illegible] half a mile away, the man [illegible] flied out of the boat and under [illegible]

FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

TOPICS OF PRACTICAL INTEREST TO PROGRESSIVE FARMERS.

Recent Developments in Agriculture That Prove Beekeepers Are Abreast of the Times, with Several Important Improvements in Methods and Appliances.

Beekeeping [illegible] Mr. A. I. Root in his [illegible] "Honey Guide" for 1891, brief [illegible] me comparatively recent development.

Among these is the bee escape, which is designed to rid supers of bees. In extracting it saves the labor of brushing off the combs before uncapping. For comb honey the old way of shaking and smoking bees through the sections may be dispensed with. Several styles have been submitted. The Dibbern so far seems to be as good as any.

The general utility of perforated zinc has been recognized for perhaps ten years, but all beekeepers do not yet understand that its great usefulness is in keeping surplus combs free from brood in extracting. California beekeepers are now using it largely, and its use in connection with the bee escape has very greatly simplified the methods of producing the liquid product.

How to prevent burr combs has been one of the serious problems. It is anything but pleasant to lift an upper story off the lower one when the two are stuck fast with brace combs, and even after prying them apart the frames drop down, honey drips from the several brace combs, robbers are invited, and the apiarist and bees are irritated. Discussions on the subject during the year 1890 called out scores of corroborating testimony showing that brace combs can be obviated by a method briefly summed as follows: To prevent burr (or brace) combs use top bars from 4 to 4½ of an inch thick and from 1 to 1½ inches wide, the same spaced about 1¼ inches from center to center. There must also be a bee space of ¼ inch between the upper and lower set of frames, or between the latter and supers for comb honey.

Exact spacing is an important factor in the matter, to get which we must have fixed distances, exactly uniform. It has been contended that fixed distances are only hindrances, and that the combs themselves, having always been spaced equally distant, are beautiful and true. The Hoffman and the closed end are both largely used by eastern beekeepers.

Swine for Profit.

The demand for breakfast bacon has given swine a send off they could not have received from any other source. To insure character and stability to this branch of pork eating it was necessary that the product be sufficiently thick and [illegible] ally tender, sweet, cooked and served. These qualities could only be present in the young improved hog, hence, from all points of view, early maturity and tendency to fatten at any age have proved to be secrets through which the modern hog has been a source of profit.

A more important reason than this is the fact that, with swine suitably bred, no course of [illegible] at ten months against in weight to the hogs of a few years ago, when at the age of 20 months or over. Digestion and assimilation are at their best in the young, growing hog. This is an important factor in rendering early maturity a success. The season is an equally important factor, for we need hardly repeat the well understood fact that the percentage of food required to produce a given gain in weight must be materially added to when frost and cold nights set in. Grass and warm weather are not usually estimated at their value in the direction of placing the early litters in the market before winter. Western Agriculturist.

Cows in Stables.

The following information was given about the space required for cows confined in stables at one of the Farmers' institutes: Three feet and a half. My cows are given that much room, and are fastened by swing stanchions. The gutter has a slatted cover, and charcoal dust and land plaster are used as absorbents and disinfectants, keeping the stables sweet and clean. Jersey and Guernsey cows do not need more than three feet six inches in length in the stalls if the gutter has a slatted cover and the cows are fastened with swing stanchions. Holsteins or other large cows will need a space a few inches longer.

Suggestions on Plowing.

Any wise farmer will determine from his own experience and observation whether deep or shallow plowing is best adapted to the soil of his different fields. No ironclad rule can be laid down that will apply to all cases. Stiff clay soils will be benefited by late fall plowing, and the freezing and thawing of the exposed rough surface, which will put them in a better condition for the plow and harrow. Where rye and wheat [illegible] are mixed of course [illegible] the [illegible] last soil

MANURE PROBLEMS.

Twenty Points Worth Noting by the Farmer.

H. Hoskins, of Vermont.

1. Why doesn't cow manure heat? 2. How can we cheaply prevent horse manure from fermenting? 3. How much has horse manure as material value from cow manure? 4. Does it pay to use plaster? 5. Where should manure be placed and spread if it is used in wheat? 6. Should it be rotted or fresh? 7. Is it worth while to get a cement stable floor in a cow tenement? 8. If manure is applied raw, and does not contain enough straw to dry out the crop, and if the ground be kept constantly covered with a green crop, is there any loss? The foregoing questions were recently asked and answered in Rural New Yorker by Dr. Hoskins:

1. Because it contains too much moisture. It does heat a little, and mixed with horse manure it will heat perceptibly, yet usually not enough to harm it.

2. By keeping swine on it or by keeping it too wet to heat strongly. Throwing snow on it in the winter is a good way. A little heating does no harm, but is rather a benefit. The horse manure from beneath a gardener's hotbeds, though it is prepared so as to heat all it can be made to, is still very rich. The earth put upon it seems to absorb part of the volatile matter, while the rest is retained. The loss by heating, especially in mixed manure, is much less than is generally believed, greatly less than from leaching, when it is thrown out under the eaves of the stable.

3. The loss varies considerably, but with dairy cows properly fed the net loss need not exceed 20 per cent, while if the urine is all saved the loss is practically nothing, digestion adding more than is taken away.

4. I think it does, but it will pay better to mix some fine bone with it.

5. It is best to draw out manure as often as possible. The swing platforms under stables, which are becoming popular, require the manure to be drawn out weekly, and this method is strongly urged by experts of experience.

6. Manure is never fit more than when it is dropped. Keeping it is not for the improvement of the manure, but for the convenience of the farmer. It is only in some gardening operations that old manure has preference over that which is fresh. There is always a loss in rotting, usually greater, for the farm, than the gain in finness.

7 and 8. Without a cemented floor or pit there must be very thick bedding to save the urine; but where there is plenty of straw (which is much better cut into four to six inch lengths) most of it will be absorbed.

A New Enterprise.

The plan is on foot for transporting live cattle from the Wyoming, Utah and Montana ranches to Philadelphia. Refrigerator slaughter and to be built, and the beef, when dressed, is to be shipped to Europe. The idea is said to have originated in Chicago. It is claimed that it will cost less to ship live cattle to Philadelphia

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1891.

FRED K. WRIGHT, FRANK CONEVERY,
Editors and Proprietors.

THE New York *World* tersely puts it: "The handwriting on the wall—March Forth!"

IDAHO is a very young State, but it can produce more United States Senators in a given time than any of its older sisters.

SAMUEL MOREY, who came into prominence during the Hancock-Garfield Presidential campaign, in connection with the Morey Claim letter, died last week at his home in Nashua, New Hampshire.

THE Don Cameron Republican Club, of Pittsburg, an organization composed of colored men, has changed its name owing to the Senator's vote on the Force bill. This will probably cause Mr. Cameron to feel real bad.

OLEOMARGARINE is the coal miner of Pennsylvania who is benefited and enjoys the "blessings of protection." The coal mines fill the State with cheap foreign labor and multiply the number of widows and orphans at an alarming rate.

It is given out on authority that immediately after the adjournment of Congress, President Harrison and Cabinet will make a tour of the Southern and Western States, for the purpose of booming his scheme to secure a renomination in 1892.

THE Detroit *Free Press*, in response to certain Pennsylvania criticisms on the Indian service, calls attention to the fact that a tract of land big enough to make two counties, in the early history of Pennsylvania, was sold for 20 gallons of whisky, and that half the whisky had been removed and 10 gallons of water substituted.

In his talk with the Sioux Indians the other day President Harrison warned them against going to war again, and promised that all the pledges of the Government to them should be fulfilled. According to the New York *World's* statement, if the President had seen to this matter some time ago there would have been no Indian war.

THE Crawford county grand jury has returned a true bill against the Delamaters for embezzlement. The charges were preferred by the County Commissioners, who are said to have a good case against the would-be Governor, and his father and brother. Would not all this trouble have been averted had Delamater been elected last Fall?

THE position take by ex-President Cleveland in opposition to the free coinage scheme shows that the gentleman still has the courage to express his convictions, even though he may offend members of his party by so doing. Mr. Cleveland's views on this subject will be found in another column. They clearly prove that he has not drifted from his sound financial moorings.

BLAINEISM and McKinleyism don't appear to mix well. Blaine has seventeen of his free trade bills, designed to promote trade with South America, lying on the table of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. But Reed and McKinley—who have other views and aspirations, refuse to give a day for the consideration of these measures. Mr. Blaine, however, has a large following, and this serves to make the fact apparent that the McKinley tariff act is far from satisfactory to a large and active minority in the Republican party.

THE Republicans in the State Legislature are still trying to pass the corpse of the Force bill. In the Senate the other day they bitterly denounced Governor Pattison's veto of the resolutions directing Senator Cameron to sustain the infamous measure. The Legislature is a little too slow. It should have attempted to pass the Force bill before Senator Cameron was re-elected to the Senate. The Governor, however, is able to stand quite an amount of Republican misrepresentation—he became somewhat used to it during the recent campaign.

MR. CLEVELAND'S letter opposing the free coinage of silver has antagonized the free silver element in the Democratic party. The leading free silver Democrats in Congress claim that this course prevents his nomination for the Presidency in 1892. The Washington correspondent of a leading Republican paper states that Republicans generally admire the courageous stand taken by Mr. Cleveland, and are not disposed to think he has hurt himself much by this letter. Many entertain the opinion that it will make him a much more dangerous candidate in 1892.

THE GAZETTE's Washington correspondent [illegible] backed by a big lobby [illegible] Company's [illegible] States Government [illegible] its bo[illegible]

[illegible] 72 [illegible] amounting to the sum of [illegible] than $40,000 in the Adjutant General's office to the Legislature. He suggests the passage of a measure to meet and provide for the deficiency as well as to meet all other expenses in the War Department of the State that may be incurred before June 1, 1891. He recommends too, that a uniform system of auditing accounts be provided so that all warrants upon the Treasury for the payment of public money be drawn by the Auditor General and records of the same be made in his department. The recommendations of Governor Pattison are as sound as they are timely and they ought to be promptly carried into effect.

GOVERNOR Hill and Henry Watterson are engaged in a nice little controversy, which, while it furnishes amusement to the Republicans, also entertains the opponents to Hill's aspirations to the Presidency. Editor Watterson wrote the Governor a very plain letter, telling him it would be useless for him to attempt to secure the Presidential nomination in 1892, and intimated that he might defeat the ticket named, as such things had been accomplished by New York State politicians. Hill pronounced the letter a forgery and said Watterson had never written it. The latter gentleman says he did write the letter in question, and fails to see why the Governor should regard it as impertinent and insulting.

QUAY has followed the example set by Delamater, and has "answered" the charges made against him by the New York *World* to his own, but not to the satisfaction of the voters of the country. It will do Mr. Quay no good to deny these damaging charges and inform his brother Senators that he has been maligned. No one believes Mr. Quay when he makes such refutation. The charges made were specific; they were not a mass of "glittering generalities." The *World* is responsible and has invited Mr. Quay to commence an action for criminal libel, and if Mr. Quay believes what he says when he alleges that he isn't guilty of the acts charged, his course is plain. This is a new play on Quay's part to whine about the bitterness of the attacks made on him by responsible parties.

"IT is a condition, not a theory, that confronts the 10,000 idle workmen of the Connellsville region," says the Pottsville *Chronicle*. "The company's pledges, as fulfilled in the McKinley tariff bill, promised them protection, increased wages, cheaper goods. That was a theory. Instead of that they are offered reduced wages and more expensive clothing, stores, food and fuel. That is the condition. Practical experience is an excellent tutor in politics as in everything else. The campaign of education goes on. But in the meantime these idle, hungry workingmen and their families must expect no sympathy from the advocates of the new tariff. 'The situation is encouraging.' In the present they can congratulate themselves, thanks to protection, that things are no worse. 'As soon as the surplus iron and coal stocks are worked off business will be good.' In other words, these 10,000 men ought to be glad they are strong enough to strike."

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, the hero of Shiloh and the great march to the sea, died at his home in New York city last Saturday afternoon of erysipelas. An imposing military funeral, under direction of Generals Slocum and Howard, will be held to-day. The remains will be taken to St. Louis and placed at rest in the family burial plot. William Tecumseh Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820. On the death of his father, when nine years of age, he was adopted by Congressman Ewing, and when William was old enough he was placed in the West Point Academy. He graduated in 1840, standing sixth in a class of forty cadets. Two years later he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and stationed at Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was transferred to the coast of California. After becoming a captain he retired from the service and engaged in other pursuits. In 1861 when the civil war was inevitable he went to Washington and offered his services to the Government. After the battle of Bull Run he was made a brigadier general. Sherman proved himself a great leader, and his career during the war, with the exception of his failure to capture Vicksburg, was a series of military victories, completed by the most celebrated episode in the General's life the march to the sea, famed in song and story and renowned in military history as one of the most brilliant achievements in the annals of war.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Cleveland's Views on the Coinage of Silver—Other Timely Topics.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 16.—Mr Cleveland's letter against the free and unlimited independent coinage of silver did not create the excitement in Congress that the sensational newspapers have said it did. In the first place the views expressed by Mr. Cleveland are precisely those he [illegible] publicly expressed [illegible] President [illegible] from was [illegible] the wake of the year go of the silver bill.

A committee of ten members of the Reform Club has been appointed to go to Washington and oppose the passage of the bill.

CLEVELAND IS FIRST CHOICE.

The Majority of Our Legislators Want Him for President.

Grover Cleveland is the first choice for President of a large majority of the Democratic members of the Legislature and Governor Pattison is the second choice of many of them. The Harrisburg correspondent of the *Times* says: "Governor Hill has supporters, too, but they are not sufficient in number to give him any choice for Pennsylvania's delegation in the next National Convention.

"A poll of the Democratic members of the House was made last Thursday, developing the fact that fifty-nine of sixty-eight interviewed were favorable to the renomination of Cleveland, four were for Hill, two for Pattison, one for William C Whitney, one for John G Carlisle, and one was non committal. The remaining eleven members were not in their seats.

"In the Senate six Democrats were absent. Two of those present would not announce their Presidential preference. Seven declared for Cleveland, three for Pattison and one for William T. Morrison. Several who announced themselves for Cleveland favored Pattison as their second choice, and one who pronounced for Hill said his future support of him would depend on the record his favorite made in the United States Senate. One of the Pattison members expressed the belief that his candidate would be the next President."

THE FARMER'S DUTY.

The Plan He Should Adopt to Obtain Justice from the Rich.

The following paper was read at a meeting of the Farmers' Alliance at West Chatham, January 31st:

The farmers are one of the oldest classes that exist. We read of them in the earliest periods of history, and it may readily be seen that they rank among the oldest. In the beginning man found the earth covered with vegetation, yet of this there was but a small portion that he could use. The natural productions of the earth afforded but a limited amount of food, hence it became necessary for man to till the soil and raise that which is necessary for man's existence. To this class the farmer belongs. Some will say of what use is the farmer to any one; he is ignorant, uneducated and poor. I would like to ask what would they do were it not for the farmer? The merchant, philosopher, mechanic and statesman are all dependent upon him, in one sense of the word, for their daily bread. Even the richest man in the land who would not stoop to shake the hand of the farmer, or say a few friendly words, but would cross to the other side of the street rather than meet him, would starve were it not for the farmer. The farmer must toil to raise that on which he subsists.

The costliest diamond that was ever obtained from the mines of Brazil or Borneo would be worthless to the person into whose hands it would fall were it not for the farmer. He must not only obtain food from the farmer, but on him depend for his fine clothes. Perhaps some will say how is this? But let us consider a moment. From the labor of the farmer must come the raw materials for clothing. But again they may ask do we not obtain a large amount of our clothing from the sheep and silk worm? Very true; but does not the tiller of the soil care for the sheep and cultivate the mulberry tree on which the silk worm subsists? Is not that the work of the agriculturist [illegible] of cotton?

Were it not for the farmer would we not be as uncivilized as the aborigines of North America? Would we not have to live on the products of hunting and fishing? When the interior of North America was explored they found the Indians wearing ornaments of gold in the nose; but for all the gold to be found in the mines of Mexico they were uncivilized. When the first Virginia colonists came to America they came for the purpose of digging gold and getting rich. But let us see how this plan prospered. They arrived in the Spring and before Fall one half of their number perished, and through the efforts of John Smith a few managed to get through the Winter. He obtained food from the Indians for the remaining few. They soon found that to live they must till the soil and raise the products on which to subsist, and you have all read how John Smith made a rule that he who would not work should not eat. So we find from the beginning of history man must toil for his daily bread.

Is farming a repulsive pursuit for the young men of our land? Perhaps it would be if the average American boy who has acquired a fair common school education, and who has an active, inquiring mind, was merely to drive oxen and hold the plow all his life, to sit down in a rude, slovenly, naked home, devoid of books and flowers and intelligent inspiring conversation [illegible] through life in [illegible] made [illegible] [illegible] poor—must pay whatever they see fit to charge for flour and feed, etc. Again the laboring man may want to purchase the necessary clothing for his family; again money fixes the price and the poor man must submit.

It seems as though it were time the farmer did something to procure justice for himself and posterity. I will repeat to you the words of a farmer of to-day who says that as things have been progressing in the past few years, it will not be far in the future when, instead of being the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," it will be the "Land of the rich and the home of the slave."

JULIA WORMER.

GENERAL NEWS.

Latest Information From all Quarters of the Globe.

Milwaukee manufactured last year $11,700,000 worth of beer and $11,000,000 of provisions.

—The fire in the mine at Nanticoke has alarmed the inhabitants, as the flames are raging immediately beneath the city.

—Up to date 97 persons have been cremated at the Buffalo crematory. Twenty have been incinerated this Winter.

—A Pittsburg family were evicted from their home the other evening and passed the night on the cobble stones in the street.

—Floods and famine have prevailed recently in the interior districts of Northern China, inflicting terrible suffering on the people.

—Anaheim, Yuba and Fulton counties, Cal., have had no rain for five years. They can never be farther counties without irrigation.

—George J. Gibson, secretary of the Chicago Whisky Trust, has been arrested for bribing Gauger DeWar to blow up a distillery which is not in the trust.

—The Ancient Order of Hibernians recently met at Ashland and passed resolutions denying that the recent Mollie Maguire letters were sent by the order.

—Mrs. Sarah Elmer, of Columbia, was burned to death last Friday by her clothing catching fire from a stove. Her daughter was also badly burned in trying to extinguish the flames.

A powerful crane capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing 90 tons, has been put in operation at the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

—Miss Grace Girdley, of Amboy, Ill., has awakened from a trance that lasted a year, during which time she took only liquid foot. She says she was conscious, but unable to make the fact known.

—A 12-year-old girl of Bethlehem has given birth to a healthy male child. The case is a remarkable one and is the subject of much discussion in medical circles. The young mother died a few days ago.

—A flock of twenty-one geese belonging to an Indiana man spent last Thursday night on his fish pond. It froze during the night, and in the morning the birds were found fast in the ice, every one of them dead.

—A terrible sequel to the flooded mine disaster at Jeanesville, by which five men lost their lives, is found in the hopeless insanity of the wife of one of the victims. Her loss has completely unbalanced her mind.

—An immense rock weighing about 200 pounds fell from Duquesne Heights, near Pittsburg, last Monday morning, and crashed into a passenger coach of the Washington (Pa.) express on the Pan Handle road, instantly killing one passenger and seriously injuring three others.

—Mrs. Lura B. Sawyer, of Allegheny, suffered a nonsuit in the suit for divorce brought against her husband, whom she charged with cruel treatment and infidelity, testimony having been given to the effect that her husband had done the housework and was so doing during the trial.

—The official statistics of loss of life and limb in the third anthracite coal-mining district for the year 1890 show that this was the most disastrous year in the history of the region. One hundred men were killed, fifty-five of whom left widows, with a total of seventy-six orphans.

—Pension Commissioner estimates that there will be 80,000 claims allowed under the new pension law during the present fiscal year, which will require $92,100,000 for their payment; and that there will be no large deficiency in the appropriations for the present and the next fiscal year.

—The three miners who were rescued after being imprisoned 100 hours in the Grand Tunnel shaft at Nanticoke, will exhibit themselves in a dime museum in Scranton, together with the clothing which they wore, their lamps and the plank upon which they took refuge when the waters came upon them.

—A Michigan farmer was swindled out of $380 by New York sharpers at Philadelphia last week Wednesday, through the "green goods" game. He reported his loss and was arrested and held for a hearing on a charge of dealing in counterfeit money and using the United States mails for fraudulent purposes.

—Sheriff Haynes, of Dearborn county, Ind., was awakened by a pull on the door-bell of the jail the other morning, and upon responding to the summons found one of the prisoners on the outside who had voluntarily returned. Investigation showed that all the prisoners had escaped during the night.

—There are reports from Poland of fresh plottings against the Czar, and the secret police are said to be adopting measures of brutal severity to find out the chief conspirators, arresting for that purpose the wives and daughters of suspects who are subjected to horrible torture [illegible] them divulge their secrets.

[illegible] Mayer mines in [illegible] Connellsville are [illegible] miners [illegible] have been [illegible] to death [illegible] general [illegible] are being [illegible]

[illegible]

NAUVOO NEWS NOTES.

Preparing to Make Maple Sugar—A Long and Successful Winter.

NAUVOO, February 16.—It now looks as if we were going to have some splendid sugar weather. Some of the farmers are preparing for a big season in sugar making.

Everyone has been taking advantage of the sleighing since the 4th of last December; we have had more snow and better hauling than for many years. W. W. Seaman still has a number of teams engaged in hauling logs. He will not finish the season's work for some time yet.

Quite a number from this place attended the oyster supper, recently held at William Emmick's for the benefit of the M. E. Church.

O. J. Graham has been cutting ice for the past week and hauling it to Oregon Hill—a long distance to haul ice.

Miss Edith West, who has been visiting with her aunt, Mrs. W. Thomas, has returned to her home at Oregon Hill.

Edward Hyler, of this place, is teaching in the graded school at Oregon Hill. He is giving good satisfaction.

Mrs. George Adams is slowly recovering from a long and serious illness.

Oscar Root, who had a leg broken a few weeks ago while loading logs, is able to get out on crutches.

Abe Marquart, of East Point, visited friends here on Saturday. He is moving to Mt. Pleasant. T. W. M.

CROOKED CREEK CHAT.

Death of an Old and Prominent Farmer—To Build a Church.

CROOKED CREEK, February 17.—Mr. Carroll Copley, one of the prominent farmers in this section, died last Thursday at his home on Hill's creek, aged 95 years. He had lived on the farm where he died for the past 60 years. Six children survive him: Willis, Lyman, Amos, William, Jerusha and Clarissa. His wife died about 25 years ago, eight children having preceded her by death.

The Alliance meets every Saturday evening at H. P. Holiday's hall. It has over forty members and the ladies are joining them now.

The first Baptist Society has purchased land adjoining the store of H. Hayes and commenced work on the new church.

Miss Mayte West, of Wellsboro, has been visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Colestock's.

Mrs. Woodruff is spending a couple of weeks with her daughter at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Mrs. M. Kettle, of Boyne City, Mich., has been visiting at Mr. C. White's for the past two weeks.

Our school closed last week, and the teacher, Rev. H. A. Stratton, moves today into the Gee district to teach during the next two months.

Henry Hayes has purchased the store of W. J. Brown, who is to move to Olean, N. Y.

T. M. Archer came home last Thursday suffering from a severe wound over his right eye, caused by a "grab" striking him.

J. Colville has secured work at Savona, N. Y. SYBIL.

MITCHELL'S CREEK MATTERS.

A Farm House Destroyed by Fire—Diphtheria Prevalent.

MITCHELL'S CREEK, February 16.—Yesterday about 9 o'clock a. m., the farm house belonging to Mrs. C. K. Rowe and occupied by the family of Wm. Ryan was burned to the ground. When the fire was discovered the roof was nearly all in a blaze, and the people of the neighborhood came with pails and worked hard to save it, but it was of no use, the fire was [illegible] control when first seen. The [illegible] goods of the family were [illegible] learned whether it [illegible]

[illegible] have children [illegible] diphtheria, [illegible] is down [illegible]

[illegible]

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Announcement.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., proprietors of "A Treatise on the Horse," and his "Spavin Cure," which [illegible] all over the world, to place a copy of that valuable work in the hands of our customers free of charge. [illegible] Dr. Kendall's Spavin Cure is the best [illegible] known remedy for this [illegible] and [illegible] Call on any druggist and get a copy of this valuable book free of charge, or address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Be Sure

If you want the best pill to buy be sure and get Hood's Pills. They are the best pills made, and are the best pills you can buy. Be sure to get Hood's Pills when you want a pill. They are the best pills made. Be sure to get Hood's Pills when you want a pill. They are the best pills made. Be sure to get Hood's Pills when you want a pill. They are the best pills made

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

While we give a partial list of our Boots & Shoes, the Laborers' Relief and others.

STANDARD WORK.

	New	Old
Alaska	$1.40	$0.00
Calfskin	1.35	.90
Ole	.75	.60
Oil	.75	.60
Plantation	.70	.50
Oshkosh	.75	.60
Chipman	.70	.50
Trowbridge	1.00	.90
Hawthorne	1.75	1.20
Augusta Evans Wilson	1.75	1.25
Tourjee	1.50	1.00
Oliver Optic	1.50	.95
Mary Agnes Fleming	1.25	.90
E. P. Roe	1.75	.90
Mrs. Henwood	1.75	.95

The Following Red Line Series of Poets.

Publisher's price, 75 cents, our price 50 cents. Shakespeare, Homer's Iliad, Dante, Familiar Quotations, Heine, Irish Humorous Poetry, Lovel, Paradise Lost, Wordsworth, Chaucer, Byron, Bryant.

Complete Works full gilt binding. As we have left.

	Pub. Price	Our Price
Shakespeare	$1.00	$.45
Mrs. Browning	1.00	.45
Moore	1.00	.45
Whittier	1.00	.45

Morocco Bound, rounded covers, only a few left, at 95 cents & $1.00 each.

SETS THINK OF IT.

	Our Price	Our Price
Civil War, 4 vols	$4.00	$.00
Life Boat Series	1.00	.00
Rising, 9 vols	4.00	.00
Alleghany Series	4.00	.00
Rebellion Series, 6 vols	4.00	.00
American Allegory	1.00	.00
Ancient History	1.00	.00
Dry, 6 vols	1.00	.00
Romantic Lit	1.00	.00
Lights and Shadows	1.00	.00
Novels, 4 vols	1.00	.00

The above is a few odds remaining from our sale, now in progress. Many others too numerous here. We will show them. This Cost Sale will continue until our entire stock is closed.

VANHORN & JENNINGS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

WANTED.—A girl to do general housework in a small family. Enquire of Mrs. Frank Convenery.

DELICIOUS Sancuta coffee is sold in one pound packages only for your protection. All bulk goods are base imitations.

PERSONS who get their sale bills printed at the GAZETTE office will receive a free notice in the columns of the GAZETTE.

THE party who took the tackle blocks from the barn of W. H. Fretz, on Queen street, will save trouble and costs by returning the same at once.

GEORGE COOK POST, No. 315, G. A. R., of this borough, will hold its annual bean bake and camp fire at the Post Hall on Saturday, February 28th, 1891, afternoon and evening. The "boys" propose to furnish a good "square meal" for a small consideration, and an entertainment in the evening.

Wellsboro Gazette.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1891.

LOCAL AND COUNTY AFFAIRS.

—Easter falls on Sunday, March 29th.

—Washington's birthday next Sunday.

—Mansfield is to have a Good Templars' lodge.

—Keeneyville is to have a Farmers' Alliance.

—Sauer kraut is recommended for dyspepsia.

Mitchell's Mills Grange has a membership of 100.

—Mr. C. C. Gillett, of Mansfield, is to enter the ministry.

—Several Blossburg youths have established a gymnasium.

—Mr. A. B. A. Briggs is to move his music store to Elkland.

—Mr. Willard Tiffany is to start a meat market at Elkland.

—Covington's M. E. Sunday-school has a handsome new library.

—Dr. Rumsey, of Blossburg, is to locate at Covington in the Spring.

—Dr. O. Newell, of Mansfield, has opened a dentist's office at Elkland.

—Mr. Isaac Preger, of Blossburg, will build a $3,000 residence at Elmira.

—Two children of Mr. R. H. Edwards are dangerously ill with erysipelas.

—Postmaster White will not take possession of the post-office until March 1st.

The latest news of fashion brings back the gored skirt of twenty years ago.

—Mr. Andrew Schopp and family, of Blossburg, have removed to Lancaster, Ohio.

—The woman who can't see the powder on another's cheek at one sight indeed.

—Mr. James T. Davis has been appointed Superintendent of the Tioga coke works.

—A series of revival meetings are being conducted in the M. E. Church at Blossburg.

—The expense of maintaining the county poor house for 1890 amounted to $12,068.70.

—It is said that nearly every farmer in Brookfield is a member of the Alliance or Grange.

—The livery business of Mr. J. J. Seely at Elkland has been purchased by Mr. R. P. Mosher.

—A meeting of the Pomona Grange of Tioga county is to be held at Niles Valley next month.

—The M. E. Sunday-school, of Covington, has just received a handsome new library.

—Messrs. Thomas and Harvey Clarendon have leased the tannery store at Niles Valley.

—The [illegible] place and [illegible] It didn't [illegible]

—Mr. C[illegible] has gone [illegible] jewelry business.

—It is [illegible] of startling [illegible] field has [illegible]

—The [illegible] debt with [illegible] liabilities [illegible]

—Mr. [illegible] remove [illegible] will go into business.

—Mrs. Straight, of Mansfield, has assumed the duties of Matron in the Blossburg Miners Hospital.

—Mr. Frank Ely, of Blossburg, has removed to South Williamsport, where he will engage in business.

A branch of the Farmers' Alliance has been organized at Jackson Summit.

—While splitting wood last Friday Mr. Charles Avery, of North Brook, cut one of his legs very badly.

—[illegible] of Knoxville cutting have [illegible] and serious injuries by fall [illegible]

—[illegible] the annual assemble for [illegible] Day, [illegible] Wednesday, February 25th.

—[illegible] of Covington are [illegible] million feet of [illegible] to be [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]

—[illegible] House in Mansfield the hotel [illegible] Co. of Mansfield.

—[illegible] Mansfield [illegible] Lawrence, of "Hawkeye," celebrated her 100th birthday on Wednesday of last week.

—Six would-be "[illegible]" are on the list, which promises to be the [illegible] by at least a dozen more candidates.

—A Mansfield couple who were married [illegible] ago have kept their marriage a secret until the present time.

—It is reported that Mr. F. G. Kirtland, proprietor of the Doggett House at Lawrenceville, is to retire from hotel keeping.

—Twenty-nine States have passed some kind of prohibitory legislation against the cigarette, but the business continues to boom.

During the month of January Mr. Floyd Mattison shipped thirty car loads of hay from Mansfield and immediate vicinity.

A temperance recitation prize contest will be held in the chapel of the Elkland graded school building to-morrow evening.

Conductor John Wilson was confined to the house last week by sickness. He was threatened with an attack of pneumonia.

Millerton, not to be outdone by Covington, is now engaged in capturing butterflies. The *Herald* says it's a cold day when Millerton gets left.

The many friends of Rev. C. M. Gardner, pastor of Tioga's M. E. Church, made him a donation visit last Thursday evening. The receipts were over $100.

Mr. H. Patterson, of Gaines, has purchased the restaurant and billiard saloon of Mr. A. Schmerler at that place. Mr. Patterson took possession last Monday.

—The *Advocate* suggests trying Koch's lymph on the Wellsboro Board of Trade. It would be of no use; Koch's lymph isn't warranted to restore the dead to life.

—The new Sheffer hotel at Blossburg was opened to the public last week. It is a three-story brick structure, heated by steam, and has forty well furnished rooms.

—A building 24x50 and two stories high is to be erected opposite the Westfield fair grounds by J. E. Wescott, to be used as a store and hotel. Contract price, $1,000.

—Middlebury Center's brass band of 15 pieces, organized last Fall, gives promise of becoming one of the best bands in the county. Dr. J. L. Beers is musical director.

—James Watkins, of Morris Run, and Jacob Clymer, of Morris, were taken to the Danville Hospital for the Insane last Friday by Commissioners Stebbins and Dewitt.

Mr. Stephen Welch, of Mansfield, who has been a great sufferer at times for years, has gone to an institution near Havana to have a surgical operation performed.

—Elkland's new roller mill is now completed. It is said to be one of the largest and finest mills in this part of the State. The capacity of the mill is 150 barrels per day.

—A valuable team of horses belonging to Mr. James Patterson, of Covington, ran away at Morris Run last week Wednesday. One of the animals had its jaw broken.

—We have several hundred old newspapers, good for wrapping and a thousand [illegible] to sell for 25 cents a hundred, or 50 for 15 cents.

—The following is the amount of salaries received by the County Commissioners for the year 1890: H. D. Wheeler, $1,012.50; G. D. Denison, $932; Seth Tremain, $921.

—Mr. James H. Matson has severed his connection with the *Advocate*, and will take a position as traveling salesman for the Cleveland (Ohio) Rubber Company at a salary of $60 per month.

—According to the annual financial statement, the expense of conducting the borough affairs of Blossburg the past year was $3,803.80. The Borough Treasurer reports 31 cents on hand.

—Samuel F. Elliston, of Gaines, was lodged in jail yesterday to await the action of the next grand jury. He is charged with stealing a pair of rubber boots from the Gaines tannery.

—An exchange says the farmer of the future will be a student. Well, possibly, but if he loafs around in his library seven or eight hours a day the potato bugs will take care of his crop of tubers.

—It is reported that Dr. Bottom's new and commodious dwelling at Westfield is to be used for a sanitarium by the doctor. A correspondent asserts that this would prove a lucrative investment.

—Mr. John Corran has resigned his position as operator and station agent at Lloyds, on the Pine Creek road. He is spending a few days in town. He has been offered a position on the Erie road.

—The GAZETTE is in receipt of the *World Almanac* for 1891. It is an exceedingly handy book of reference, as there is scarcely a subject of general or special interest which is not touched upon.

—While Mr. James S. Coles was standing on the steps in front of the Coles Hotel last Monday forenoon he slipped and fell to the sidewalk, spraining his foot very badly. He will be laid up for some time.

—Justice [illegible] gang of youngsters who [illegible] particularly obnoxious [illegible] loafing at the depot in the [illegible] arrival of every train [illegible] amusements"

—A [illegible] is to be placed in the belfry of St. [illegible] church of Blossburg. The church has recently been [illegible] improvements in the interior. The fresco work and decorations are said to be very elaborate.

—A Tioga [illegible] "The opens of bridge and plank carried away by the ice jam were found near Mitchell's town right side up. Of course the Commissioners will see that every plank is saved, and the timber and iron taken back ready to be put up again."

Miss Carrie Hastings has tendered her resignation as a teacher in the primary department of the Wellsboro public schools, to take effect the last of the present month. Her successor is Miss Lou Van Valkenburg, who was appointed a substitute teacher some time ago.

The Lawrenceville *Herald* says: "It is a little too early to speculate as to the acreage the coming year, but we are presumption is that more tobacco will be put in this year than last. We know of quite a number who have large farms but have never grown tobacco who will try the experiment the coming season."

—In referring to the recent Grange meeting in this place the Lawrenceville *Herald* says: "Farmers De Witt, Gerould, Watkins, Merrick, and other hard working, long tested sons of toil were present. We score should by all means have a Grange, as the town is full of farmers who grapple with agricultural fairs, game laws, equalization of taxes, etc."

Last Friday evening a party of about forty people enjoyed a sleigh ride to Mansfield. A splendid supper was had at *Hotel Allen*, after which the jolly party started on the return trip to Wellsboro. They reached home in high spirits at an early hour on the following morning well pleased with the hospitality extended by Landlord Charles Austin and wife.

—Last Friday evening while attempting to make a coupling at the Fall Brook depot in this place, a brakeman named Briggs was caught between the hips and shoulders and severely injured. The unfortunate man was taken to the Wellsboro House and examined by Dr. M. L. Bacon. Three of his ribs were found to be broken and his collar bone fractured. Briggs is about 35 years of age and has a family at Corning. He was taken to his home on Saturday.

—Abram Richardson, a boiler maker in the Fall Brook shops at Corning, was frightfully scalded last Sunday night. He was fixing a flue in a boiler of a locomotive when the flue suddenly burst and the boiling hot water and steam poured over him, burning him terribly. His head, arms and lower part of his body were rendered similar to raw meat, and he suffered terrible agonies. There was a pressure of 100 pounds of steam in the boiler when the accident occurred.

—The country is overrun with life insurance schemes, and societies without number are springing up here and there all over the country, which promise on paper certain sure returns of two dollars for one or something else as ridiculous and impossible. It will do no good to advise people to avoid the solicitors of such concerns. But remember one thing there will come a time when all of the rascality of one side and the gullibility of the other will be fully realized.

—The *Express* says Bush's Park at Tioga will soon be a thing of the past. It is fast being changed to a barren and stony hillside, with perhaps five or ten dollars per acre. "All of the buildings, except a cottage, which is used as a school house, were some time ago taken down. But this is a small matter in comparison to the destruction in the past few weeks. Hundreds of the graceful hickory trees have been cut down and the few remaining ones are marked for the same fate."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Concerning the Whereabouts of Persons You Know.

—Miss Anna Cameron is visiting friends at Ithaca, N. Y.

—Mrs. C. H. Howland is visiting relatives at Covington.

—Mrs. James H. Shaw has been visiting friends at Canton.

—Miss Hattie Stone, of Pittsburg, is visiting Wellsboro relatives.

—Miss Clara Hess, of Lock Haven, is the guest of Miss Edna McClelland.

—Mrs. H. T. Williams, of Troy, is visiting her parents in this place.

—Miss Mack Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her parents in this place.

—Mr. Carl S. Welch and niece, Miss Grace Lyons, are visiting friends at Ithaca, N. Y.

—Mrs. Ida Thomas and daughter, of Titusville, are visiting at the home of Hon. Hugh Young.

—Miss Mildred Bailey leaves on Saturday for Leipsic, Germany, to visit her sister, Mrs. Edith Liebisch, who is ill at that place.

—Mr. Robert Loudon, who has been employed at Bayonne, N. J., for several months, is spending a couple of weeks at his home in this place.

—Mr. N. F. Lightner, general manager of the N. A. Masonic Aid Association, of Philadelphia, was in town last Saturday and called at the GAZETTE office.

—Mr. J. [illegible] Sarenbaugh, editor of the Wat[illegible] *Herald*, made the GAZETTE [illegible] a pleasant call [illegible] of

[illegible]

LAST FEBRUARY ELECTION.

[illegible] held by the Borough and Township for 1891.

The annual election of borough and township officers in this county was held [illegible] in this place, was very [illegible] in which the [illegible] of the [illegible] very close, as [illegible] votes deciding the matter, as will be seen by the returns given below. Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, however, we are unable to publish the returns from only a few points.

WELLSBORO FIRST WARD.

Burgess—C. G. Osgood, 144; A. A. Truman, 153.

Assistant Burgess—J. W. Mather, 278.

Council—Hulett B. Williams, 97; J. Bowden, 140; Simon Hulbert, 180; W. H. Roberts, 10.

School Directors—H. M. Hutchinson, 153; M. L. Bacon, 155; J. L. White, 131; J. F. Borden, 100.

Justice of the Peace—R. K. Young, 290.

High Constable—James Hazlett, 149; John Sohr, 152.

Collector—B. F. Roberts, 100; W. B. Sullivan, 183.

Assistant Assessor—J. R. Bowen, 179; F. A. Jermain, 183; J. H. Potter, 17; H. S. Hastings, 13.

Judge of Election—Thomas Allen, 283; K. H. Olmsted, 12.

Inspectors of Election—J. H. Gardner, 219; J. H. Wilcox, 75; R. E. Gamble, 11.

Auditor—D. M. Porter, 291.

WELLSBORO SECOND WARD.

Burgess—C. G. Osgood, 173; A. A. Truman, 107.

Assistant Burgess—J. W. Mather, 246.

Council—Simon W. H. Roberts, 108; B. F. Bowden, 140; George W. Williams, 16; Robert J. Bordwell, 97; Hulett B. Williams, 1.

School Directors—M. L. Bacon, 177; J. L. White, 128; J. F. Borden, 64; H. M. Hutchinson, 1.

Justice of the Peace—R. K. Young, 290.

High Constable—John Sohr, 136; James Hazlett, 1.

Assistant Assessor—J. H. Potter, 276; H. S. Hastings, 23.

Judge of Election—E. H. Carter, 299.

Inspectors of Election—R. E. Gamble, 179; George M. Spencer, 85.

Auditor—E. E. Dartt, 299.

Collector—B. F. Roberts, 92; Wm. B. Sullivan, 183.

DELMAR NORTH DISTRICT.

Supervisors—S. M. Gressham, 100; Francis Lawton, 51; George F. Pelham, 13; Henry S. Kent; George F. Butler, 8; B. F. Avery, 64; Samuel Balfour, 90.

School Directors—Eugene Claus, 98; Morvin Bogue, 69; Ellery Chatham, 35; Albert Campbell, 41; Charles Dewitt, 1; Simeon Hakeon, 31; Charles Hotchkiss, 1; Ernest Roe, 77.

Justice of the Peace—Miles Spencer, 135; M. D. Howe, 133.

Collector—R. W. Fields, 91; D. S. Field, 58; A. C. Boyles, 43; O. F. Powers, [illegible]; Horace Gillett, [illegible]; Charles Copestick, 15.

Assistant Assessor—Frank M. Andrews, 172; James K. Spencer, 72; Thomas Orr, 40; Charles Warriner, 14; Charles Steele, 18; L. M. Smedley, 28.

Treasurer—John Steele, 202; G. H. Lawton, 65.

Clerk—John Steele, 213; G. H. Lawton, 59.

Judge of Election—Ed. Campbell, 65; O. W. Butler, 20; John W. Smith, 102.

Inspectors of Election—Edwin Fellows, 134; Joseph E. Fischler, 38; C. S. Balfour, 31.

Auditor—Wm. Green, 271.

DELMAR SOUTH DISTRICT.

Supervisors—Francis S. Lawton, 216; S. H. Groslean, 64; G. E. Putnam, 22; G. E. Butler, 3; Richard Balfour, 35; B. F. Avery, 64.

School Directors—Simeon Bacon, 59; Robert Brownlee, 67; Eugene Claus, 61; Melvin Boyden, 27; Ellery Callahan, 32; J. H. Gentry, 10; E. Roe, 32; Charles Hotchkiss, 107.

Justice of the Peace—M. D. Howe, 200; Mass Spencer, 91.

Collector—O. F. Powers, 60; Chas. Copestick, 50; H. S. Gillett, 91; C. A. Wilcox, 20; R. W. Field, 38.

Assistant Assessor—Charles Steele, 27; Thomas Orr, 81; E. M. Andrews, 23; Henry Mitchell, 181; Chas. Warriner, 27; James Spencer, 17.

Treasurer—John Steele, 102; G. H. Lawton, 79.

Clerk—John Steele, 194; G. H. Lawton, 89.

Judge of Election—Chas. Hotchkiss, 129; S. H. Christian, 27.

Inspectors of Election—Miles Steele, 117; L. P. Walbridge, 45.

Auditor—Wm. Green, 253.

TIOGA.

Supervisors—John Desmond, 105; Orrin Brion, 127; Henry Roupp, 117; E. B. Emmick, 35; Charles Mase, 120.

School Directors—Albert Gleckler, 143; C. N. Maneval, 82; Gottlieb Hoyler, 51; Z. E. Kimble, 145; J. D. Dould, 49; Dan Harter, 58; John Baggerly, 66; Dan Boger, 64; Levi Kriesinger, 18.

Collector—L. H. Ferguson, 283.

Assistant Assessor—Lewis Krais, 234; Charles Zinck, 204.

Treasurer—A. Ramsey, 54; C. H. Miller, 57; James McVoy, 22; S. Hartman, 165.

Clerk—A. E. Werline, 295.

Judge of Election—John Fick, 175; I. F. Sheesley, 122.

Inspectors of Election—J. J. Sheffer, 80; Wm. Schanbacher, 79; Jacob Baker, 137.

Auditor—J. J. Werline, 298.

[illegible]

THE WELLSBORO FAIR.

A Correspondent Advises the Managers to Pay the Premiums.

Editors Gazette:—Your "garrulous friend," who talked to you in a recent issue, is interesting only because he is gifted with a too vivid and sympathetic imagination. I do not wish to defend the strictures of "J. K." on the management. As an "old buck" he is supposed to have antlers sufficiently long and sharp to take care of himself. But I protest against your garrulous friend's assumption that our county fair was boycotted by Wellsboro people. It is easy enough to state as a good reason for the failure of our fair that it was boycotted by our people. Would it be fair to say that a 15 cent concert or show in Annandale Hall was "boycotted" by our people if they did not choose to attend it and pay 50 cents admission? Was there any number of people in Wellsboro or vicinity who refused to attend our county fair but who did attend the Mansfield Fair? Can Secretary Mather name any, or can your garrulous friend? Are the people of Mansfield jealous of our county fair, and if so what evidence is there to sustain such a charge? and if they are jealous why should they be?

In my judgment no fair can again succeed in Wellsboro until the last premiums are all paid. GRANGER.

Wellsboro, February 17, 1891.

An Important Decision.

Last Saturday Judge Mitchell filed his decision in the case of J. C. Bennett for use of A. M. Bennett, executor of J. C. Bennett, deceased. Judgment in this case was entered by the Prothonotary upon power contained in a judgment note, dated at Covington, Pa., October 3, 1881, by which the defendant promised to pay the plaintiff, J. C. Bennett, (now deceased) or bearer, ten days from date, $31 for value received with interest. The note was signed by the defendant immediately to the [illegible] letters [illegible] Judgment was entered [illegible] Years after [illegible] of Monroe [illegible] the stream. A dispatch from Williamsport stated that there was a 24 foot flood in the river at that place and that people were preparing to move from their dwellings in the lower part of the city. Another dispatch was to the effect that the flood would be equal that of 1865. The cold wave of yesterday afternoon, however, had a tendency to pass [illegible] dangerous.

An Incorrigible Youth in Trouble.

Some time in March last Bert Mack, aged 16 years, called for a lot addressed to another party at the O[illegible] He [illegible] the letter [illegible] to have [illegible] to Fort Covington, [illegible] McCampbell [illegible] to Wellsboro [illegible] U. S. Commissioner Hoy, [illegible] with the [illegible] for the [illegible] of the United States [illegible]

[illegible]

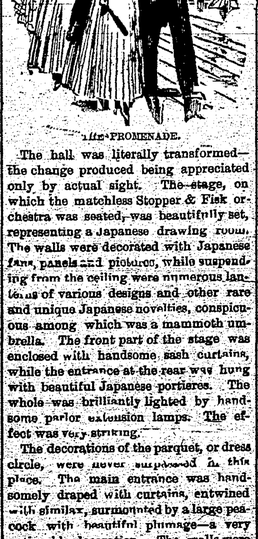
ALERT'S ANNUAL RECEPTION.

A BEWILDERING BLAZE OF BEWITCHING BEAUTY.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

Over One Hundred Couples Present—Many Guests from Out of Town—Elaborate Decorations, Entertaining Music—A Complete and Successful Anniversary.

The most notable event of the year for Wellsboro and vicinity is the annual reception of Alert Hose Company. The fame of these parties is widespread, and guests are gladly welcomed from far and near. On each occasion all former efforts seem to be eclipsed, and the limit of human ingenuity in the ladies' decorative art to be reached. Notwithstanding the event occurred in the midst of Lent and the very unfavorable weather the seventeenth annual reception, held at Annandale Hall last Tuesday evening, was no exception to the rule. It flashed forth on the social firmament like a meteor of dazzling brilliancy. Everything combined to make a perfect party. A large attendance, exquisitely decorated hall, entrancing music, and a charming array of beauty. We believe we express the sentiments of those who were fortunate enough to be present when we state that the reception of Tuesday evening in numbers, spirit and attraction, excelled any of its predecessors.

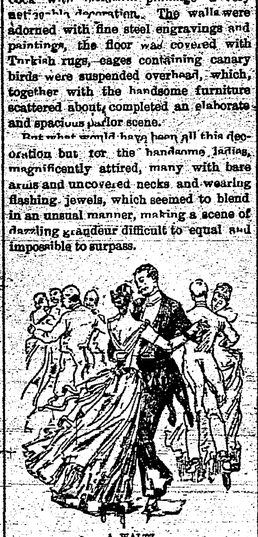


THE PROMENADE.

The hall was literally transformed—the change produced being appreciated only by actual sight. The stage, on which the matchless Stopper & Fisk orchestra was seated, was beautifully set, representing a Japanese drawing room. The walls were decorated with Japanese fans, panels and pictures, while suspending from the ceiling were numerous lanterns of various designs and other rare and unique Japanese novelties, conspicuous among which was a mammoth umbrella. The front part of the stage was enclosed with handsome sash curtains, while the entrance at the rear was hung with beautiful Japanese portieres. The whole was brilliantly lighted by handsome parlor extension lamps. The effect was very striking.

The decorations of the parquet, or dress circle, were never surpassed in this place. The main entrance was handsomely draped with curtains, entwined with similax, surmounted by a large peacock with beautiful plumage—a very artistic decoration. The walls were adorned with fine steel engravings and paintings, the floor was covered with Turkish rugs, cages containing canary birds were suspended overhead, which, together with the handsome furniture scattered about, completed an elaborate and spacious parlor scene.

But what would have been all this decoration but for the handsome ladies, magnificently attired, many with bare arms and uncovered necks and wearing flashing jewels, which seemed to blend in an unusual manner, making a scene of dazzling grandeur difficult to equal and impossible to surpass.



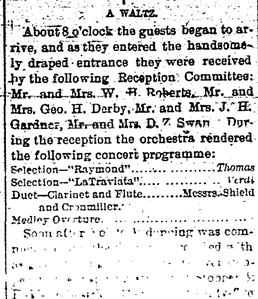
A WALTZ.

About 8 o'clock the guests began to arrive, and as they entered the handsomely draped entrance they were received by the following Reception Committee: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Swan. During the reception the orchestra rendered the following concert programme:

Selection—"Raymond" ..... *Thomas*
Selection—"LaTraviata" ..... *Verdi*
Duet—Clarinet and Flute ..... Messrs. Shield and Cromwiller.
Medley Overture.

Soon after [illegible] dancing was commenced [illegible]

[illegible]



THE POLKA.

of view no one will doubt. Alert Hose Company has a well-earned reputation for the complete way in which it does things, and its friends knew that the ball of Tuesday night would be a fitting celebration of its seventeenth anniversary. And it was. In the first place all the committees were composed of energetic young men, and they did their work well. The programme as mapped out was gone through without a break.

The following are the names of the gentlemen who compose the several committees: Arrangements—R. K. Young, Frank A. Deans, W. Fred Ward, E. S. Dartt and Frank Conevery. Floor—C. A. Sweet, F. F. Howd, J. L. Robinson, Jr., E. A. Hardt, R. G. Austin, Harry L. Wilcox, D. C. Harrington, F. L. Dickson, Michael McMahon, James M. Bowen, Frank B. Wetmore, C. E. Jennings and Frank Erwin. Decoration—John L. Robinson, Jr., Frank Dickson, E. A. Hardt, Edward Pagan.

The music furnished by the Stopper & Fisk orchestra could not have been surpassed. It was even better, if possible, than ever before. The audience was completely captivated, as usual. No other orchestra has ever given such universal satisfaction in this place as the Stopper & Fisk. Prof. J. W. Stinson gave excellent satisfaction as prompter. The stage setting by Mr. Charles A. Sweet was greatly admired. It was a very artistic piece of handiwork.

Over 200 artificial roses, saturated with delicious perfume, were distributed to the guests through the courtesy of Mr. Geo. M. Spalding, druggist.

TIOGA COUNTY TEACHERS.

An Interesting and Instructive Meeting—Officers Elected.

The Tioga County teachers' Association met at Tioga last Friday and Saturday. We extract the following summary of the proceedings from the excellent report furnished by the Tioga correspondent of the Elmira *Advertiser*:

The opening session was held in the Methodist church, and was called to order by the President on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Ellen Shaw, of Lawrenceville, was chosen Secretary.

After a quartette by Mrs. C. H. Wickham, Miss May Borden, C. E. Smith and W. H. Westbrook, of Tioga, the Rev. David Keppel, of Mansfield, was introduced and delivered his lecture on "Uncle Sam." The lecture was interesting and instructive and, barring the efforts to make it "funny," well delivered.

After a duet by Mrs. Wickham and Miss Borden, the Association adjourned to meet at the school building Saturday morning at 9 o'clock.

Saturday morning at the appointed time a larger number of teachers than usual assembled in the school building, among whom were Professors D. C. Thomas and W. R. Longstreet, of the Normal School at Mansfield; J. C. Doane, of Blossburg; Professor Gastings, of Wellsboro, Superintendent Baesley, and many other well-known prominent educators of the county.

The Association was promptly called to order and after prayer by the Rev. David Keppel and singing by the teachers, Professor E. W. Eckerson read a paper on "Discipline."

The discussion following this paper was interesting and elicited many new thoughts for the consideration of the teachers, Professors Thomas, Longstreet, Doane and Superintendent Raesly, all of them old and experienced teachers, doing most of the talking.

Next followed a paper on "Examinations," by Professor Longwell. The discussion following this paper was very lively [illegible] many useful hints and practical suggestions were thrown out, for the benefit of the members of the district schools. At 12 o'clock the Association [illegible] read [illegible] done [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

An Osceola Couple Celebrate Their 44th Wedding Anniversary.

OSCEOLA, *February 16.*—Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Seely celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of their wedding at their home in this place. Over one hundred relatives and friends of the worthy couple responded to the invitation. Mr. Seely received the guests on their entrance to the parlor and introduced them to his bride of forty-four Winters. Both bride and groom seemed to have thrown off at least ten years of their age. After the guests had all arrived the evening was spent very pleasantly in social conversation and admiring the many beautiful presents and tokens of esteem of the *many* friends present. Among the presents we noticed the following: A very handsome oak arm chair, a group of Roger's statuary, ("politics") silver-plated crumb knife and syrup pitcher, two silver card receivers, one silk umbrella, one silver cake knife, two berry spoons, one fish fork, two lamps, two pools, one oak easel, three salt and peppers, silver tooth pick holder, perfume case, hand-painted thro, crayon picture, (The Old Mill,) celluoid book of poems, and last, but not least, a poem, written and read by Mrs. N. Edwards, especially for the occasion.

Among the guests from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. E. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Toles and Mrs. Ed. Seely, of Westfield; Mr. Otis Butts and daughter, of Wellsboro; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Culver, Mr. H. Miner, Mrs. S. H. Moon, Mrs. E. J. Campbell, of Leland, and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Seely, of Nelson.

Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock in the evening small tables were set in the different rooms, and all were served with a bountiful repast which was enjoyed with great relish. Tables were then taken away and the remainder of the evening was spent in social converse until the wee small hours when the guests departed, wishing the host and the hostess many happy returns of their joyous wedding day. Doc.

TIOGA TOPICS.

The Result of Tuesday's Election Very Satisfactory—Other Jottings.

TIOGA, February 18.—The result of Tuesday's election has been quite satisfactory to the minority party. The attempt of the Republican managers in both precincts to elect both Inspectors failed; John Kahr, the Democratic candidate in the borough, received a plurality of the votes cast. In the township there were 217 votes cast, 117 of them were Republican and 100 Democratic, though the Democrats elected their candidates for the more important offices of collector, supervisor and town clerk. Evidently those who, through a study of Jeffersonian principles last Fall were compelled to change parties, are not yet sorry for it.

Mr. George Smith, son of Dr. R. B. Smith, who has been ill for some time, returns to Union College this week.

Dr. Charles Baldwin, late of Rome, Italy, and now practicing medicine in Birmingham, Conn., spent two days this week with his brother, H. O. Baldwin.

There is to be a masquerade social at the double house of E. E. Phelps and Prof. W. E. Blair on Friday evening of this week.

Mr. T. A. Wickham was at Williamsport yesterday as a delegate from the Y. M. C. A., of the Presbyterian Church of this place. R.

[illegible]

CLOSING OUT!

Our partnership having expired, we have concluded to close out our entire stock of Dry Goods. A grand opportunity to

Save 20 to 25 Per Cent

The sale will be strictly cash. This is no catch-penny advertisement. We mean business. Call and see.

BRYDEN & JOHNSON.

We call attention this week to our line of Men's White Shirts.

1st. A yoke shirt, reinforced front and back, linen bosom and waistband and made of good strong cotton, price, 45 cts.; three for $1.25.

2d. An extra unlaundried shirt, made of New York Mills cotton, double linen bosoms and bands, 75 cts., or $4 the half dozen.

3d. An unsurpassed Niagara shirt, made expressly for M., G. & Co. In workmanship, fit and material, there is none better. Six for $6, or $1 each.

Fine full dress shirts, night shirts, and boys' shirts always in stock.

Mathers, Graves & Co.

LIMITED.

Rubber Closing!

Our complete stock of Rubber Goods we will still offer at old prices. All new and fresh goods. Don't wait too long.

J. E. FISH,

DELMAR SCHOOL NOTICE.—The School Directors of Delmar will meet at the Old School-house on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891, at 9 o'clock, a. m., to let contracts for wood for the ensuing year, and to transact any other business that may legally come before the Board. By order of the Board.

HON WALBRIDGE, Secretary.

Romy Fork, Pa., February 19, 1891.

Partition Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of AMORY VENICK, late of Rutland township, Tioga county, Pa., deceased, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, in proceedings in Partition (bearing date January 5, 1891, will on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1891, at two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in Wellsboro, the premises hereinafter described, and set to the highest and best bidder all that farm of land situated in Rutland township, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, bounded north by Samuel Warner heirs and Jerome Benson, on the east by Charles Stevenson and William H. Benson, on the south and west by lands of Amos Ferrel, containing one hundred and [illegible] acres, more or less, about [illegible] acres of which are improved, the remainder being in good timber, with a good variety of fruit and ornamental trees, and with barns and outbuildings thereon.

Terms of sale [illegible]

[illegible]

Administrator's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court of Tioga county, the undersigned, Administrator of DELIA TUBBS, late of Brookfield, will sell at public sale, on the premises, in the said township, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., the undivided one-half interest or part of the following described lot of land, situate in said Brookfield township: Beginning at the northeast corner of land of Delia Tubbs and the southeast corner hereof; thence westerly along land of said Delia Tubbs 262 rods to a corner; thence southerly along land of said Delia Tubbs and Jane Tubbs 84 rods to a corner; thence westerly along land of Samuel Tubbs 58 rods to a corner; thence northerly along land of DeForrest Biddle about 192 rods to a corner between these lands and lands of Chas. W. Mascho; thence easterly along land of said Chas. W. Mascho 320 rods to land of Chester Clarke; thence southerly along land of said Clark to the place of beginning; containing about 108 acres, with about 70 acres improved, with an old framed house, an old barn and an apple orchard thereon.

Terms of sale—Ten per cent. of bid in cash at time of sale, balance cash on confirmation of sale. RANSOM L. PRIDE,

February 5, 1891-3t. Administrator.

To Voters and Candidates for Office.

NOTICE is hereby given that no duplicate will be issued to any Collector holding an unsettled duplicate on June 1, 1891.

M. H. STEBBINS,
T. H. BAILEY,
C. H. DEWITT,
County Commissioners.

January 29, 1891-4t.

Concerning Bills Against Tioga Co.

HERE AFTER NO BILLS presented by physicians and nurses, in outside relief cases, will be paid unless the services are rendered by direction of the Commissioners, except in cases of urgent necessity, and these must be reported to the Commissioners, or they will not pay the bills.

M. H. STEBBINS,
T. H. BAILEY,
C. H. DEWITT,
County Commissioners.

January 29, 1891-3t.

DON'T BE MISLED

with "[illegible]" or Mutual Policies. Defend your Life insurance call upon or write to W. E. CHAMPAIGN, Wellsboro, Pa. He represents the non-assessable

LEAV[illegible]

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

that sells Insurance at a fixed price, leaving no chance for disappointment or dispute.

ASSETS, - $18,344,467.39
SURPLUS, - $2,080,711.00

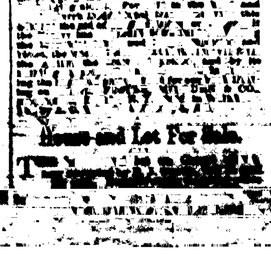
This Company wrote $13,563,200.00 new life insurance in 1890. It is fast becoming the leading Life Insurance Company in the World. The people are learning the fallacy of the dividend system of Life Insurance. To pay the Mutual Companies 10 to 50 per cent. above stock rates for the chance of opening a dividend account, in which the company will not guarantee fully one-half of the overcharges returned, but say they will return such amounts as the Secretary may allot.

The Mutual Agent has a fine set of estimates gotten up by himself, or irresponsible men, who make a trade of selling up books of estimated dividends and selling them to some above companies do not guarantee them, and if asked outright say you must not believe them or refer the matter to some agent who will produce an "estimate" that he "firmly believes" will be realized.

The Tontines are far the worst of these decoys, by doping men into thinking they are to make a fortune at half-price. Not one tontine "estimate" has ever been realized, or ever will be, nor anywhere near it. The reason is plain: They are based on a rank absurdity to begin with. They tell a man that he is to make a large sum of money by half of his companions dying or getting so poor they have to drop the policy, while he is to live and receive the dividends of those who died or were compelled to take paid-up insurance non participating in dividends past or future. All the uncertainties and miseries of plans like this profit the agents and the companies, never the insured. The companies get large premiums; the agents get large commissions, and the insured pays 25 to 50 per cent. extra for his insurance. The policy is a good thing, of course, but he has paid hundreds or thousands more than he need to have done. There is but one moral: "Insure in the Travelers." W. E. CHAMPAIGN, Agent.

Office in the Packer & Cameron Building.

Wellsboro, Pa., January 29, 1891.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

[illegible] Falls, Vermont.

S

Wellsboro Gazette.

[illegible]DAY, [illegible] 19, 1891.

[illegible]

[illegible] of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's one a bond old Friend alike this—
We have drank from the same canteen!

It was [illegible] and [illegible] milk,
And sometimes apple jack as fine as silk;
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in pain or bliss,
And I [illegible] to you, friend, when I think of [illegible]
This—
We have drank from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this
We have drank from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and fair we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best
We have drank from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my life-blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Then who is my faithful sport could learn,
Comrade, I remember you crawled to my side,
And bleeding as fast it seemed both must have died
We drank from the same canteen.

—*Chicago Times.*

LIVINGSTONE'S REDEMPTION.

"For as sure as I live, as graceful as a gazelle! What a shape! I would give a thousand dollars if I might but paint her face!"

The scene was in New York. The words were spoken hurriedly and somewhat [illegible] for the time and place.

Many bystanders heard them, and looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other, and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale golden hair and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression or even a startled side-long glance to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the theater that evening, with her glance fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below and from a distant corner of the theater sat George Livingstone, the artist, gazing at her, with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who can she be?" he whispered to an intimate friend.

"I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

"A new one! It looks as if it were but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world!" urged the artist. "Years ago, when I was a schoolboy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels always do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!"

Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the entertainment was drawing to a close, and the box was empty, the divinity had gone!

Hurrying from the house, he inquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the play was over.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile, the fair object of his search was speeding from New York as fast as the midnight train could carry her towards Boston. Although the hour was late, she was wide awake, and clasped her hands over her eyes as she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"Pauline!" said she softly.

The second occupant of the compartment stirred on her narrow couch and answered drowsily "What is it, May?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question! No, not now," replied Pauline, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May of Mays?" "You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the stuffed cushion."

"But not to-night, Pauline. I cannot sleep. I have been thinking of all you have told me about."

"About George Livingstone?" asked Pauline, finishing the sentence.

"Hush! Speak lower, Pauline. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled—deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"It is true, May."

"Who told you, Pauline?"

"My brother, in the first instance. He knows him well—is often at his rooms—and regrets his intemperance more than any of the best of his friends I think."

"He loves no one, then, at present?"

"No one, May. James says that he believes him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died years ago. It is an odd thing to say of a man like him, but James declares that Livingstone really loved that child, and that he loves her now."

"If that is true," said May Warburton, drying her eyes, "he may yet be saved."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean that I am that child, Pauline."

"You? But the child died!" replied Pauline, with an astonished look.

"No. My cousin, Mary Cameron, died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed [illegible] mine. [illegible] before her illness my good Uncle Warburton came to m[illegible] home, and finding me a poor [illegible] orphan, adopted me [illegible] child, and gave me his na[illegible]

[illegible] the door behind him, the artist sat alone by his fireside, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazing steadily into the burning coals.

"The wives, the mothers, the sisters at home who love you!" he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call.

"I would have obeyed it in my turn, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little May are both in their graves; sister I have none; wife I shall never have! Ah, what does it matter? A short life and a merry one for me, and no one will shed a tear over its ending. I'll have another glass of wine. But what's this?"

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for the glass he had left there his hand struck against the little ebony chest which stood in the place of honor, directly under a little water-color sketch, made from memory, of the long-lost child, "May."

The silver key was in the silver lock.

The artist turned it, wondering how the beautiful toy came there without his knowledge. His surprise increased when the lid flew back, displaying a beautiful drinking cup of gold, [illegible]ately chased and enriched with rubies beneath the curving brim.

"What a beautiful thing!" exclaimed the artist, lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent me such a gift? Did those fairies bring it with them so very long ago? I wonder! Anyway, it is a perfect gem, and I'll fill it to the brim with champagne, and see if I can drive these melancholy thoughts away.

"Approaching the table he filled the flask. Something glittered at that moment at the bottom of the [illegible] raising it toward the light he [illegible] a picture [illegible] and looking nearer [illegible] the large blue eyes of a lovely stranger at the [illegible] looked up at him from the depths of the goblet with an earnest appealing gaze.

He nearly dropped the cup in his surprise. Scrutinizing the ebony case from the chimney-piece he searched it eagerly for some clew to the mysterious gift.

Half hidden in the velvet lining he found a morsel of paper; and drawing it forth and holding it to the light he read:

"Not dead, but hoping and praying for you ever. May."

"May! May alive! Alive and remembering me!" he exclaimed. Then as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind the crimson flushed to his temples; and sinking on his knees he laid his head down beside the magic goblet and burst into a passion of tears.

* * * * * * *

"Those who called at the rooms of the artist during the next week found them closely shut. At last it was rumored about that he had suddenly sailed for England and a few days more proved the rumor to be true.

A year passed by and at the annual exhibition of the New York Academy a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion by storm. Every paper noticed it and so numerous and so approving were the comments that pretty Pauline Danforth, who in general cared nothing whatever about pictures of any kind, asked her brother James to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

James, like a kind brother, consented, but with an odd twinkle in his eye, which Pauline could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr. Warburton and his adopted daughter May, for a visit of some weeks, James' eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and, of his own accord, he invited Miss May to join them on the following day.

May accepted the invitation, with a suppressed sigh. Hearing which James smiled so broadly that Pauline hunted him speedily into a corner and demanded a share of his secret, whatever it might be.

But James proved obdurate. She would know all, he said, at the gallery, where the name of the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day.

Pauline reflected a moment and seemed to be somewhat perplexed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; and her eyes began to dance in their turn.

But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery should be paid at a very early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely risen from their beds.

Early as it was, however, one gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful golden-haired guardian angel who, with white waving wings, bent forward over the shoulder of a dark browed man, walking heedlessly on a flower-strewn descent toward a fearful gulf, and drew from his unwilling hand a golden cup overflowing with wine.

Pauline gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture and at the solitary gazer. Then she touched her brother's arm, and while May went [illegible]ingly forward the two vanished into an inner room, where a portrait-gallery had been recently improvised.

Hearing the light step behind him, the artist turned away, with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his own picture.

But, with his first glance at the face of the new-comer he paused.

May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, looked at the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color rising, and at last, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, Pauline!" she exclaimed, in an agitated tone. "It must be his picture! No one else could have painted it! He is saved, dear Pauline—he is saved!"

"Yes, thanks to you, sweet angel, he is saved!" replied a deep voice.

She turned and saw the artist gazing at her [illegible]

"May, my little May—will you take the [illegible] rose-tinted?"

[illegible]

[illegible]

A FRUITLESS DISCOURSE.

[illegible] Was May [illegible] Afternoon.

"[illegible]," said the treasurer of the party, [illegible] of what may be [illegible] justice. It happened [illegible] a lot of [illegible] lamp, low, as incidents of the kind do on a youthful mind.

"Our folks had some old silver spoons that had been in constant service for generations, and were small and thin, and carried in their shallow bowls the marks of many mouths. Each spoon had a history, as spoons did have in those days, and they were looked after with the greatest care. My mother placed them under her pillow every night, and the whole family would be regularly awakened by a midnight clatter of rattling spoons, as they had a restless habit of falling out of bed, so their value was enhanced by the many sleepless nights they cost.

"Well, one of those precious spoons was missing, and there was a great to-do over it. The servants were all questioned, but no one had seen the missing spoon. That night a colored girl, who had been taken in some months before by my mother, and who was a bright and taller precious character, told of seeing a new-hired man on the premises hiding something in his jacket. She essayed to find the jacket, and, sure enough, between the lining and the outside was found the lost spoon.

"My mother was so happy in recovering her property that she wanted the man to go scot free. Not so my father, who was a solemn disciplinarian. He will give him a lecture on the sin of stealing," he said, and keep him, as he is a useful man. I'm very sure he will never steal from us again.

"I accompanied my father to the kitchen, where the man was raking ashes over the coals for the night and preparing to go to bed. He sat sullenly and stolidly while my father assumed carrying a large Bible and read aloud to the lecture that was delivered with an unmoved countenance. I slept and awakened several times before it was finished. My father's solemn, monotonous voice echoed me like a soporific, and I did not try to fathom the language he used.

"The culprit was a German, and I have since learned that he did not understand one word my father said to him, not even the nature of the accusation against him. I thought then, as I listened to my father's bass tones in that grim monologue, that the punishment was adequated to the sin. I had been lectured myself, and I would have confessed to almost anything to have escaped the consequences.

"The lecture was supplemented by a prayer, in which my father implored divine forgiveness for the offender. The German took it all in good part, and remained in his situation, but was no doubt carefully watched. Some years ago the colored girl acknowledged that she had put the spoon in his jacket in order to get rid of him and gratify her love of mischief. As he never alluded to it in any way, we could not tell what he thought of the services on that night, or how much of the moral lecture had been comprehended. But I am certain he never understood the criminal characteristics of the occasion."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COMING METROPOLIS.

[illegible] picturesque town of Yuma, Where Woman Run Faro Banks.

Yuma! What recollections the name itself brings up! Yuma, where they dig for wood and climb for water. Where there are more Mexicans than Americans, and more Indians than either. Where the thermometer seldom gets above 118 in the shade, and where the wicked Yumaite to school sent home for his blanket. Where the coat of honor is the left hand, and the railroad hotel gives the traveler tender beef steaks. Where the river is the color of the earth and the earth the color of water. Where the steamboats run comfortably on moist sand, and the prisoners in the penitentiary keep store in the prison yard. Where the girls are "tough" and the boys are "gentle and refined." Where they eat strawberries in January and where the desert blossoms like the rose. Where the rainfall is less in a year than it is in New York in a day, and where the old men pitch pennies and fly kites. Where the Indian warrior is practically peaceful and clean, and where the entire world seems topsy-turvy.

Such, according to a *World-Herald* correspondent, is Yuma, a picturesque town situated in the heated corner of the world, where Arizona, California and Mexico meet.

There are few quainter or more interesting places than this sugar-city—possibly for the reason that it is so full of paradoxes, all of which exist precisely as I mention them. While one hears the liquid Spanish tongue more frequently than the English and guttural Apache dialect is heard much more than the voice of the Anglo-Saxon, the American as a matter of course leads the intellectual procession. He is at present "just humping Yuma" to use the local vernacular, and has brought it to the attention of the United States Senate. It has had no Proctor Knott to laugh it into prosperity after the manner of Duluth, but it has taken up and coddled its most imposing and unsightly features, the great Colorado desert, and by that means expects to reach a glory and greatness that shall make the St. Paul and Minneapolis, Tacoma and Seattle hide their diminished heads as progressive and growing cities.

The Palace and Home of Bizarro.

One of [illegible]

A FEMALE SHOEMAKER.

She Is Ostracized by Her [illegible] but Only [illegible]

Mrs. Pollock is the [illegible] of a woman who repairs boots and shoes at Plitsburg, says a Wilkesbarre, Pa., correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A year ago her husband, who was a first-class mechanic, died, leaving her alone in the world to provide for a household of young children. At first Mrs. Pollock proposed to go out washing for a living, but she began to figure and came to the conclusion she could make more on the "bench." She had not mastered the trade completely, but had a general idea of repairing, as she assisted her husband in his work when he was hard pushed. She accordingly threw her shingle to the breezes and waited for customers. At first business was rather slack. The women in the neighborhood started the story that Mrs. Pollock was cracked trying to do a man's work, and that if she had the interest of her children at heart she would go out to work. Mrs. Pollock paid no attention to the faint-finding. She was determined to succeed as a "cobbler."

A friendly neighbor suggested it would be a good idea if she would invest in a little printer's ink. Mrs. Pollock thought the idea a good one, and she had several thousand circulars printed. They bore this legend: "Woman suffrage! Women's true emancipation is help in time of need! Patronize Mrs. Pollock, boot and shoe repairer, rear of John Toothill's foundry!" Mrs. Pollock did not stop at advertising her business in circulars. She inserted a card in the *Sunday News Dispatcher*. At first the effects of the advertisement were not felt, and Mrs. Pollock began to get discouraged. Then she set upon another idea. She determined to make a cut in prices. Her regular price for half soling and heeling a pair of shoes in the neighborhood is $1. Mrs. Pollock reduced the price to 50 cents. The men shoemakers heard of the reduction and they boycotted their sister in the trade. They said her work was no good, etc. By this time printer's ink had been heard from. The hope from a distance had cured Mrs. Pollock's advertisement, and they brought their shoes to be repaired. Soon the woman shoemaker had more trade than she could attend to. When the news of boycott became known the wealthy women of the town took an interest in her case. They drove up to the door of the humble woman shoemaker in their fashionable carriages and left big bundles of shoes. One lady, a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, came all the way from Wilkesbarre with three pairs of shoes. They belonged to her servants. She had them repaired. Mrs. Pollock's charges were $2.40. The lady handed the female shoemaker $3, and told her to keep the change. But Mrs. Pollock now found that she could not accommodate all her customers. She worked all day and far into the night. Her household duties were attended to by her oldest daughter. Last Friday she engaged a male assistant. Both are now kept very busy. In an interview with Mrs. Pollock, she said:

"Yes, I am kept very busy now, thanks to the good people who give me their work. I am making a good living. All the children are going to school. I manage to clothe and feed them well. I can do better at shoemaking than working out. If I work out working I could only make a dollar a day and board; and then it is a question whether I could get work every day, there are so many washer-women, you know. I can make from $14 to $20 at my trade. That's pretty good wages for a woman."

Strange Story of a Ring

During the retreat from the first battle of Bull Run Con. [illegible] lost a gold ring which he very highly prized. It was one of a number made for the officers of Worth's division when forming part of the army of occupation that held the City of Mexico at the close of the Mexican war. It is a pale yellow gold ring with a flat green stone, with "First Division" above the shield and "Mexico" below. Inscribed on the inside is "H. J. Hunt, Worth's Division." Years went by and the loss was forgotten, the dear old general himself had joined that eternal, ever-increasing army of occupation beyond the grave, when lo! after a period of nearly thirty years had elapsed the ring was found. One day recently Mr. Thomas D. Addison of Fairfax Court House, Va., noticed that one of his cows walked in a very lame manner, there evidently being some foreign substance in her hoof. An examination developed the fact that the lameness arose from the ring, which was firmly imbedded in the animal's hoof, and, strange to relate, uninjured. The ring was restored to the general's family, and, it is needless to say, will be regarded as an heirloom of more than ordinary interest. Had such an incident as this appeared in a popular novel the idea would have been pooh-poohed as a marvelous stretch of the imagination, yet it is a real occurrence.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Carlyle and Mudie.

One evening Lady Ashburton gave a brilliant reception. Among her guests was Mr. Mudie, originator of the circulating library system of London, whose name was then—1850—just becoming known. During the evening he found himself standing near Carlyle, who at once singled him out, and, looking him full in the face, said in a brusquest manner, with his Doric accent: "So you're the man that divides the sheep from the goats! [illegible]

The Black Teeth of Malays

The government of Burmah has lately published an interesting report by Mr. Merriheid on the prospects of planting in Mergui, in the extreme south of Tenasserim, in the course of which he corrects the common error that the black teeth of the Malays and Siamese are due to chewing betel mixed with lime. It appears that the blackness of the teeth is due to a special preparation played for the purpose. Women would like to have white dazzling teeth like Chinese, Indians and Europeans. Cocoanut kernels are carefully charred and then ground to a paste, to which are added oil, [illegible] and ragwort. [illegible] the teeth that process [illegible] which is [illegible] Among [illegible] the teeth [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] or [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the